

# Harry Potter and the Time He Wasn't Actually Harry Potter

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Summary: ..wait, what? Harry Potter not himself? Well, when you factor in a skewed ritual done by a dead person, an evil wizard, and a time-traveling baby, it starts to make a little more sense. Maybe not to the students of Hogwarts, though, who are all a bit miffed that Harry Potter has somehow managed to enter himself into the Triwizard Tournament, despite being 1774 years in the past.

## 1. Prologue

**I recently went to see the second How To Train Your Dragon movie, and since I've been reading a lot of Harry Potter recently I thought it would be interesting to do a crossover. I tried to take a unique view towards it, hopefully something that hasn't already been done! This ins't really a chapter of its own, but a good prologue always helps a story along.**

><strong>

**Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or Harry Potter.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The house lay quiet, and the family within it had no way of knowing the events that would soon occur. Outside, children roamed the streets trick-or-treating, similarly unaware of even the existence of the house in which this family lived.<p>

You've probably hear this story before, haven't you? Ah, yet I doubt you've heard this version of it.

A cloak dragged on the pavement and leaves outside, pausing at the gate of the house and looking straight at it. It was only recently that he had been enabled to see it, and he was about to make good use of it. The silly man the family had chosen as their secret keeper had turned against them far too easily, tired of being the butt of jokes

and taunts, eager for fame and very easily drawn in with promises of glory in battle and riches in the new society.

He actually thought that he was trusted. How quaint. But no matter, the man would see his own folly soon enough.

The gate creaked open, unused for some time, and the man stepped past and made his way to the door across a yard bigger than expected, for a family that nearly never left the house. A simple unlocking charm - something any first year could do, were they really so stupid? - took care of the door, and as he stepped across the threshold James Potter burst into the entryway, shouting at his wife.

"Lily, it's him! Go, protect Harry, I'll hold him off!"

Without a wand? Lord Voldemort didn't deign to take even a second to laugh, and felled James where he stood. There was a bright flash of green which illuminated everything in the entryway for a split second and the black-haired man fell to the ground, eyes glassy and staring like a puppet whose strings had been cut and was left alone on the stage. Voldemort stepped over him disdainfully and proceeded up the stairs.

He could hear banging and rustling coming from a room at the end of the hall - presumably the Mudblood was desperately trying to defend herself by blocking the door. How naive of her. Voldemort strode towards the door and raised his wand, a Blasting Curse on his lips.

The door did not budge.

He frowned, and flicked his wand to render visible the spell which Lily Potter had used to block the door. His eyes traced the light of the spell and his wand twitched in his hand. So the Mudblood wanted to play, did she? Well, she would get her wish.

\* \* \*

><p>Inside the nursery, Lily Potter was frantically working, drawing sigils on the carpet underneath Harry's crib to synchronize with the circle she'd already painted there, in the underside, in case this situation ever came about. She was on the verge of sobbing, knowing from the shout and the crash from below that her husband was no doubt dead. As she finished, she stood and painted a single rune on her son's forehead - Sowlio, the lightning bolt, the rune of guidance who would take her Harry somewhere safe.<p>

"Mummy loves you, Harry," she said, her voice breaking on the last word. "Mummy and Daddy both love you very much and you must remember that, no matter what, okay?" She kissed his cheek and placed his back in the crib, Harry looking up at her in confusion. Lily began waving and flicking her wand, the circle and runes powering a complex enchantment which enraptured Harry as it was woven around his crib. It took moments to finish - she had planned this out far in advance - and Lily whirled around as her enchantment on the door splintered, along with the door itself, and Voldemort came through.

\* \* \*

><p>"Not Harry, please, not Harry-"<p>

"Stand aside, you silly girl-"

"Not Harry, please, don't hurt him-"

"Stand aside, I said-"

"Please, not my son-"

"Stand aside!" Voldemort cast aside any thought of sparing her, nevermind what Severus wanted. The yew wand flashed, white in the light of the nursery, and Lily Potter fell with a scream beside the crib.

Harry was not crying as Voldemort approached him. The Dark Lord regarded him with something similar to contempt, his red eyes flashing.

"So," he said quietly. "You are to be my downfall."

Harry only stared back, silent, and the painted rune hidden under dark brown bangs.

"Let us see you try, when you are dead," Voldemort hissed, and the yew wand flashed one final time and the nursery erupted into chaos.

\* \* \*

><p>From the outside, as the force of the explosion felled the Fidelius around the house, the Muggles in the area turned sharply towards the noise from a building they did not remember. Several called the police, but the house would be forgotten again soon enough, once the wizards arrived on the scene.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>The rune circle under Harry's crib had exploded the moment the last syllable left the Dark Lord's lips, a dome of pure blue energy shooting up around Harry's crib to cover him, which reflected the spell into Voldemort's horrified face. He screamed, collapsing and disintegrating, but the spell was not yet done. Lily had created something to take her son away from danger, and the spell performed exactly as expected. There was one aspect, however, that Lily had not compensated for or even taken into account. The power of the killing curse had struck the shield and left a mark, ever-so-slightly skewing the spell, and when Harry was taken somewhere safe it was not to the intended destination, or even the intended time.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Hagrid arrived on the scene to find a distraught Sirius Black crouching in the ashes of his best friend's home. As he approached, the wizard stood and disappeared on the spot. Hagrid made no move to stop him - even if he could have, who was he to interrupt the man's mourning? Hagrid crunched over rubble and, nervously, made his way up partially-destroyed stairs and into the nursery.<p>

What he saw there shocked him. There was no one there, living or dead. Professor Dumbledore had told him that there was a possibility

Harry was alive, but he hadn't told Hagrid what to do if someone had taken the baby boy from the house, for what else could have happened? It wasn't as though Harry was able to crawl away.

Hagrid left in a hurry. Dumbledore would want to know about this.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Please read and review! Constructive criticism is welcome, flamers will be fed to Toothless.<strong>

## 2. Chapter 1 - The Beginning

**\*\*Aand chapter one! What did you guys think of the prologue? Reviews are becoming a scarce commodity with my stories.\*\***

**\*\*This chapter is going to be more from Hiccup's perspective - and you'll see how that ties in in a moment! In the meantime, please remember to read and review! The beginning is more of a flashback, showing how everything really started and such.**

><strong>

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\* \* \*

><p>Twelve days north of hopeless, a few degrees south of freezing to death, solidly on the Meridian of Misery, on the island of Berk, a small baby began to wail.<p>

People began to open their doors, wondering where the noise was coming from. Soon a decent-size crowd had gathered in the open square, and all were talking and wondering aloud despite the threat of dragons.

Stoick came down to see what was the matter. "What's wrong?" Several people shushed him, and the noise came through loud and clear.

Next to him, Valka gasped. "Stoick!" She grasped his arm. "That's a babe out there!"

Stoick's face darkened. "Get the men together," he ordered. "We need to find that babe." He turned to the people. "If I find out that one o' you left it out there to fend for itself," he threatened, "you'll be wishing to be left for the dragons."

The people muttered among themselves, asking who would be cruel enough to leave a baby to fend for itself.

Practically the entire village volunteered, grim-faced men and women alike, no one willing to leave the baby on its own. None of them knew who had left a baby there, or why, but they knew that dragons would find it soon enough if they didn't.

The crying had decreased slightly in volume, but it had been narrowed down to the area around Raven Point. The tress loomed in the darkness, and the men were constantly keeping half an ear out for any

sign of dragons.

"Hey!" Someone had nearly tripped across the bundle, quickly gathering up the baby. "I found 'im!"

Those nearest gathered around, gazing with anxiety at his bleeding forehead. "What happened?"

"Out of the way!" Stoick shouldered through to the center, looking in astonishment at the one-year-old. "He was just lyin' 'ere?"

The Viking holding him nodded. "He doesn't look like any of ours," he said, gaining nods and small calls of agreement. "What should we do? We can't just leave 'im. 'E's injured."

Stoick looked at the baby, as it began to cry less and opened its green eyes a little wider. If Stoick had been any less...well...stoic...he might have said that the baby was looking straight at him. "Valka has been wishing for a babe," he said thoughtfully.

"You would take it in?" They seemed startled by the idea, several warriors exchanging surprised glances.

"If it would make Valka happy," he said. "And where would I be without an heir to succeed me, eh?"

When he brought it home to Valka, she smiled so wide and hugged him. "Ours now? Oh Stoick!"

Stoick only laughed, happy that he had pleased his wife. "What shall we name him, then?"

"Something fierce," said Valka. "Something to scare away anything nasty...how about after your ancestor?"

"Very well," boomed Stoick. "Welcome, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third!"

\* \* \*

><p>When Valka was carried away by a four-winged dragon, Stoick cradled his son carefully, the cut on his chin reminding the chief of the day he'd found the baby. "No one will take you from me," he swore. "I will keep you safe, Hiccup, and no blasted dragon will do anything to you."<p>

"Stoick!" Gobber burst in, having seen the house set aflame. "Oh." He saw the chief by the gaping hole in his house, gazing out desperately. Gobber solemnly took off his hat, knowing that Valka was gone.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup wasn't sure why his dad was disappointed in him, but he knew that it was probably to do with the fact that he'd never shown any inclination to pick up a weapon, and was useless when the dragons came.<p>

He'd been enlisted as Gobber's apprentice in the forges from an early

age, and now knew his way around more weapons and how to fix them than most people in the village.

Sometimes he wondered if he was a disappointment because he wasn't really Stoick's. He'd been told the story from an early age; how he'd been found off Raven Point and Stoick had decided to raise him. No one had ever had a more detailed explanation of where he came from, mostly because no one was really sure, but Hiccup sometimes made up stories about how he was secretly the son of some rich and powerful Viking king who would come and shower gifts on him, making him a strong warrior.

The best moment of his life came in the forges one day. He'd been routinely working to fix someone's sword, when Gobber had cried out in alarm. Hiccup had been so absorbed in fixing the sword that he hadn't noticed his arm resting on a red-hot part of it. However, when they checked, his arm was unhurt.

They had been in awe, then, saying that one of the gods had given him a gift like the one given to the Elder, who was a woman who practiced magic that no one else could accomplish. Hiccup was promptly introduced into another apprenticeship, this time with the Elder, who was a tiny old woman and only spoke when she cast spells. She had supposedly been blessed by Loki, the god of mischief and magic, Silvertongue of Asgard and younger brother of Thor. Not as many of the Vikings worshipped him, preferring to devote their attentions to the warriorlike and fierce Thor.

He continued to work with Gobber in the forge as well, and the villagers began to regard him with - well, not respect by any means, but they certainly didn't go out of their way to taunt him any more. And for a ten-year-old boy, that was good enough.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup's first successful spell came at age twelve in the middle of a dragon attack, when he had managed to dash out of the armory in an attempt to be of some use. He was nearly dragging the short sword he held, but he was determined to earn some respect, as well as the pride of his father.<p>

Speaking of his father...

Hiccup's eyes widened as he saw his father facing a Monstrous Nightmare that had lit itself on fire, eyes narrowed and nostrils flaring with more flames.

A jet of fire shot out of its mouth, and Stoick had to dive to the side. Instead, the fiery projectile hit one of the already-flaming catapults that the Vikings had built, setting it wildly tipping to the side.

"No!" Hiccup flung out his hand hopelessly, an automatic reflex, and gasped when he realized he'd managed to freeze the catapult where it was, listing dangerously to one side and vanishing the flames.

It had the unfortunate effect of putting out the stone they meant to launch as well, but everyone was staring between Hiccup and the catapult in amazement.

"Heh..." He could feel himself getting drained, his arm trembling, but Hiccup was determined to keep it up and be of some use.

"Hiccup!" Stoick seized Hiccup by the back of his shirt, breaking the boy's concentration. The catapult trembled and shook, losing the fight to gravity and plummeting over the side of the cliff and into the sea that surrounded Berk.

Stoick's eyes narrowed, drawing the parallel between Hiccup and the catapult, then decided it wasn't the right time. "Get back inside," he ordered, letting Hiccup go and sending him stumbling to the ground.

"But, dad-" Hiccup began to protest, then stopped as he received a glare shadowed by the burning house behind his father. Dragons were still swooping overhead.

"Go," said Stoick in a low voice, and Hiccup reluctantly obeyed.

It was so unfair. Even gaining a Deadly Nadder head would gain him more glory, but no one every seemed interested in his inventions. Hiccup had designed plenty of machines and weapons to aid in catching dragons, but he had never managed to get anyone to actually use them.

If only they would just \_listen.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>A couple years earlier for Hiccup and 1,174 years in the future, aka Halloween 1981<em>

"What do you mean, Harry Potter's gone?" Minerva McGonagall shrieked in outrage.

Dumbledore had summoned the remainder of the Order of the Phoenix to him, as soon as he realized what had happened. Up and down the table, though, the majority seemed to agree with the deputy headmistress's attitude.

"Allow me to explain-" Dumbledore was cut off by Molly Weasley.

"Explain how you lost a one-year-old boy?" She said indignantly. "I'd love to hear this!"

"We don't know what happened," Dumbledore said calmly. "However, we did find traces of very strong runic magic activated in the nursery. There was a circle painted on the underside of a rug which was placed under Harry's crib - all evidence points to Lily having performed some sort of ritual to send him away moments before her death."

"And where is he, then?" someone asked, as the anger in the room simmered down fractionally.

"We have been unable to determine the location," the Headmaster admitted. "Lily was genius with Charms and Runes, and she appeared to have combined the two to create an untraceable ritual. The magic signature dissipated far too quickly for it not to have been

purposeful."

"What about the Secret Keeper?" Andromeda Tonks demanded. "Where's Sirius Black?"

"He's disappeared off the radar - Kingsley was unable to find a trace of him. He may have gone into hiding."

"And what of You-Know-Who?" was called out, and the room descended into a hush.

"He appears to have vanished as well," Dumbledore informed them. "He undoubtedly killed both of the Potters-" someone gave a dry sob at that "-But all we found of him was a cloak, his wand, and an amount of dust left in the destroyed nursery."

"You're saying the rumors are true?" said Flitwick disbelievingly. "That a baby somehow stopped him?"

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. "When all other possibilities have been eliminated," he said, "All that is left, however improbable, must be the truth."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Still 1981...<em>

All over Britain, witches and wizards were meeting in secret, feasting and raising glasses and declaring a toast in hushed voices-\

"To Harry Potter-the Boy-Who-Lived!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So? What did you think? Please leave a review and let me know! Next chapter should be up fairly soon, depending on how much time I have on my hands.<br>\*\*

### 3. Chapter 2 - Meet Toothless

\*\*And I have continued! Thank you to the reviewers who left very nice comments, so consider this chapter dedicated to you. From here on out, there will be small glimpses of the Potterverse, but mostly it's going through the plot of both movies. This one is just the first movie, since doing both in the same chapter would make it way too long. Warning: some of this is verbatim from the film, if I couldn't think of anything better.  
><strong>

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><p>On a tiny island, far from any civilization, in the Sea Known as Woden's Bathtub, a young boy was hard at work.<p>

Hiccup was in the forge, cobbling together the pieces for one of his



own inventions. If it worked properly, then he could use it to take down dragons from far distances! No one would ever call him useless again, he thought, straining to bend down the wooden centerpiece. He suddenly lost hold of it and the wood sprang straight up again, knocking Hiccup to the floor.

"Ow," he grumbled, propping himself back up on one leg.

He stood back up, determined to finish it before that night, when the dragons would undoubtedly come again. He'd show them! And maybe it would even impress Astrid...he smiled, momentarily loosing concentration, and the piece knocked him to the floor again.

"Okay," Hiccup said to himself as he laid on the floor. "I definitely need to make some adjustments."

\* \* \*

><p><em>1982 AD<br>\_

Dumbledore scrolled through the sadly very short list of incoming students. With all the people that had been killed during the war, not all of the children had survived. He was glad to see a few new names, showing some incoming Muggleborns.

But what he was looking for was not there - Harry Potter's name was not on the list. With a sigh, Dumbledore rolled it back up and placed it on the shelf it always sat on. With all the ambiguity surrounding the ritual that Lily Potter had used on her son, it was entirely possible that he had been sent into the past. Technically, he could have been his own father for all they knew, but Dumbledore doubted that. For one, James's eyes were hazel, not green. But that didn't matter at all, for the incoming student list would always list a student's true name, the one they had been born with, before listing any aliases. True, there was one way to tell - if a student regarded a false name as their true name, it would list both, but that was the only exception as far as Dumbledore knew.

The aged Headmaster rubbed his eyes. Where was Harry Potter?

\* \* \*

><p><em>Around 805 AD<em>

Hiccup slammed the door of his house as fire blasted against it from the other side. "Dragons," he breathed, eyes wide. He'd finally get to test out his invention!

He ran through the village, dodging dragons and avoiding the seasoned warriors that ran everywhere, shouting orders and hacking at dragons. Half of the people he passed shouted at him to get back inside. He thought he was doing a good job of avoiding them, until-

Stoick snatched him up by the collar of his shirt. "What is he doing out? What are you doing out?" He demanded. "Get back inside!" He dropped Hiccup, running off to take care of some Deadly Nadders.

Hiccup stumbled as he was dropped, and made his way into the forge where Gobber was already at work.

"There y'are, Hiccup!" Gobber shouted. "I was beginning to think you'd been carried off!"

"What, me?" Hiccup asked, shelving a large warhammer with some effort. "Dragons wouldn't know what to do with all this...muscle!"

Gobber actually laughed. "Right. Get to work, Hiccup, we need all the weapons we can get!"

"I know," said Hiccup, taking a pile of bent and broken weapons from where people had left them. "But I can fight! Let me out there for two seconds, I'd kill a dragon!"

"You?" Gobber asked, raising his eyebrows. "You can't lift a hammer, you can't use a sword, you can't even throw one o' these!" He held up a bolas, which was snatched right out of his hand by another Viking, who quickly spun it and threw it, snaring a Gronckle.

Hiccup started on the sword, heating it up before hammering away, and glared at Gobber resentfully. The peg-legged man was already taking orders from people lining up for weapons, and didn't so much as look at Hiccup.

"Yeah, well, this can do it for me!" Hiccup said, moving towards his machine. "It works, Gobber, and I can use it!" He slammed his hand down, which caused the machine to launch another bolas into the face of another Viking.

There was a pause as Gobber regarded Hiccup with raised eyebrows.

"Okay, the minor calibration issue-" Gobber stopped him midsentence.

"This is exactly what I'm talking about! If you really want to kill a dragon, you need to stop all...this." Gobber gestured vaguely.

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Exactly, Hiccup!" Gobber turned away, back to the window where a line of people were already waiting for weapons.

Hiccup stared angrily at Gobber as he left to take more orders for weapons. He didn't belong here - he belonged out there, fighting dragons! He had Loki's blessing, how many Vikings could boast that? Dragons would be easy targets. A Nadder head would at least get him noticed, a Gronckle would actually get him some fame, and a Zippleback? Two heads, twice the glory. A Monstrous Nightmare was only taken on by the bravest Vikings, due to its tendency to light itself on fire. And then there was the Night Fury.

It never took any food, it was never seen, and it never missed. A house blew up with a blast of blue that turned into orange flames as Hiccup thought about it, an invisible dragon probably swooping above it.

If Hiccup managed to catch a Night Fury, then he'd be famous! No one would ever dare disrespect him! And his father would finally be

really proud of him. Hiccup's determination grew at the thought.

Moments later, he was hurriedly wheeling his machine through the open areas of the village, navigating around warriors and dragons alike.

"Hiccup! Where are you goin'?"

"I'll be back in a minute! I just need to do this," he muttered the last part to himself, running with his wheeled machine.

He finally made it to an unoccupied, dark area where he quickly set up the machine, mounted a bolas in the crosspiece, and waited.

The Night Fury came almost immediately. It was invisible against the dark sky, only noticeable where it blotted out the stars. Hiccup carefully took aim, jumping slightly as a tower near him was set ablaze and collapsed with one shot.

Hiccup peered through the loop of metal he used as a sight, to help him aim. He couldn't believe no one had thought of that before. He fired as soon as he could, maybe too soon, the recoil knocking him onto the ground. Hiccup scrambled up-he didn't have another bolas to load the machine with, and he nearly panicked before he saw the fiery comet-thing, screeching and falling towards land.

"I hit it," said Hiccup disbelievingly, the shot upwards, a huge smile on his face. "I hit it! Did anyone-" he turned around, towards the center of the fight. "Did anyone see that?"

He didn't notice the dragon behind him until it stepped on his machine with a crash.. Hiccup turned around and swallowed nervously, confronted literally face to face with a Monstrous Nightmare. "Except for you."

A panicked yell reached the fighters below, and Stoick looked up to see Hiccup fleeing from the dragon, who of course had given chase. He gave a snort, and jumped off of the netted group of Nadders he was helping restrain. "Don't let them escape!" he shouted behind him as he ran off after Hiccup.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1983 AD<br>\_

"It's too bad we've lost track of Mr Potter," murmured Professor McGonagall to her employer as they both watched the students during the Welcoming Feast. "I wonder where he is now?"

"We cannot know," said Dumbledore kindly, "But I am sure he is perfectly safe, wherever - or whenever - he is."

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD<em>

Hiccup was breathing hard as he dashed away from the Monstrous Nightmare, narrowly avoiding the jets of fire it spat and seeking refuge behind one of the pillars that held up the torches the Vikings

used to try and gain an advantage while fighting at night.

The Nightmare's fiery breath came around either side of the pillar. Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut and raised his hands to cover his head, cautiously turning to see if the dragon was still there, not noticing its head sneaking around the other side of the pillar.

Stoick was the only thing that prevented Hiccup becoming a meal for the Nightmare. He came out of nowhere and gave it a flying kick in the face, forcing the dragon backwards and away from Hiccup.

The Nightmare growled, then spat at Stoick, but the only thing that came out was a small glob of fire.

Stoick grinned nastily. "You're all out," He growled, then \_punched \_the dragon in the face.

He fended it off that way, dealing blows until it was forced off the cliff and flew away. All the dragons were beginning to leave now, but Stoick turned back to the pillar and watched the burned bottom of it splinter until it crashed sideways. Hiccup was the only thing that prevented a flaming projectile rolling down the side of Berk, as he quickly managed to douse the flames and shrink the torch slightly.

"Sorry, dad," he said quietly, wincing every time the head of the torch thumped as it rolled away.

"I did hit a Night Fury, though," Hiccup added quickly, wincing as Stoick grabbed him by the scruff. "Wait, dad! I promise, it's not like the last few times!"

Stoick looked at him. "What do you think you're doing?" He said icily.

"I was trying to help! I just wanted to kill a dragon! I just-I see one and I have to kill it, you know? It's who I am!"

"No, this is not you!" Stoick shouted. "You are not suited for this!" He angrily disregarded Hiccup's protests. "Someone make sure he gets back inside."

Gobber came up behind Hiccup and knocked him on the head, then followed as Hiccup trudged back home.

"He always looks so disappointed in me!" Hiccup ranted on, letting go with all of his feelings, about how his father never liked him. Gobber didn't help.

"It's not what you look like that he hates," he tried to reassure Hiccup. "It's just everything inside ye that 'e doesn't like."

Hiccup stared blankly at Gobber for a moment. "Thanks, that really helps."

"No problem!" Gobber didn't pick up on his sarcasm [understandably, since even though Hiccup and several others had a good grasp on it the concept would not be invented for several hundred years, during the Roman Empire].

As Gobber turned to walk away from the closed door of Hiccup's house, he didn't hear the back door open and Hiccup run out.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1984 AD<br>\_

"Death Eaters?"

Dumbledore sighed, hands pressed to his forehead in an attempt to regain calm. Death Eaters, on the move again after only a few years. How could this have happened?

"Dumbledore?" He looked up and saw Minister Fudge gazing at him anxiously. He gave his best grandfatherly smile.

"I apologize; I became distracted." The smile slipped from his lips. "How many are there?"

"It's only a small group, thank Merlin. Maybe five or six." Fudge took a seat in the chair directly in front of Dumbledore. "What are we to do?"

"Send out Aurors, of course. We need to strike while the time is ripe. We cannot afford anything to happen, now after we've barely just regained peace." Dumbledore wondered if the man could truly not make the decision on his own. Then again, he was glad that Fudge had told him. "Thank you for informing me of this, Cornelius."

"Of course, Dumbledore, of course."

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD<br>\_

Hiccup angrily tucked away his notebook. "Some people lose their helmets, maybe their sword, but noo, I had to lose an entire dragon! The gods hate me, or at least all of them but Loki," he grumbled the last bit, angrily slapping a branch out of the way and wincing when it sprang back into position and hit his face. "Ow!"

Looking at the branch, he saw it was part of a tree which had been split in half, messily broken and one end pointing towards a long rut in the ground where something had landed heavily and gone over the edge.

Warily, Hiccup made his way along the shallow ditch and peeked over the edge, immediately ducking back down when he saw the curve of a black wing. Unsheathing his small knife, he maneuvered over the edge and towards the black figure resting on the ground.

It didn't move. It didn't look particularly alive, either.

"Ha," Hiccup laughed disbelievingly. "I did it! I killed one! This is perfect - everything's fixed!" He stood taller. "I killed this ferocious beast - aah!" He'd put his foot on top of one leg, standing dramatically, but the dragon had \_moved \_under his foot and he scrambled back.

The dragon was still tied up, and even if it was alive it wouldn't be going anywhere - its legs and wings were trapped by the rope and stones of the bolas Hiccup had fired.

It was twitching, gurgling and growling noises coming from its throat. Hiccup approached carefully, knife pointed at it, and saw one bright green eye with a slitted pupil staring straight at him.

\_Oh no.\_

"I'm going to kill you," he said shakily, switching the knife to his other hand as his right became sweaty and slick. "I am a Viking. I am a Viking!" He shouted at it, as if that would somehow make it easier.

The Night Fury had been growling slightly earlier as he approached, teeth showing in a threat move, but as Hiccup hoisted the blade over his head the dragon closed its eyes and let its head fall onto the ground.

Hiccup glanced at it out of the corner of his eye, then looked away, readying the blade again.

And again.

He sighed, letting the two clasped hands and knife rest on his head. He couldn't do it. He couldn't kill it. Hiccup very nearly dropped the knife, but instead retreated to lean against a grey, moss-covered stone that rested nearby.

\_I can't just leave it here, \_he thought desperately. \_I have to do something. \_And he made his decision.

The dragon's eyes snapped open as one rope frayed and broke, Hiccup quickly turning to see at another one. Three strands broke, and the bolas loosened enough for the Fury to break free and pin him to the ground.

"Aaaah!" Hiccup was nearly hyperventilating, staring up at the pitch black creature with its claws around his throat. It was growling, mouth slightly open to show sharp teeth, and then it opened its mouth and roared loud enough for Hiccup's hair to fly back.

The dragon turned and disappeared through some hedges, flying off clumsily and roaring until Hiccup could no longer see or hear it. He shakily stood, walked a couple feet, then collapsed again onto the forest floor.

\_Oh my gods.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>1985 AD<em>

"How do you suppose Mr Potter is doing?" McGonagall had gotten in to the habit of asking, knowing that Dumbledore was still searching for the trail of the Boy-Who-Lived, and the seemingly innocent question was meant to try and trick an answer out of him if he normally would not have given it.

"I do not know, Minerva."

"Will you ever know?" The deputy headmistress pinned him with a sharp stare. "Albus Dumbledore, it matters not where the boy is, as long as when he comes here we can ensure that he is being treated well and has had a good life - one he deserves, with a family. Don't you think?"

Dumbledore fiddled with the device he'd been experimenting with to try and track down Harry. "I suppose, yes, but-"

"Then give this up and let him be! The boy would only be four years old, Albus, you cannot expect him to know you if you show up." The reminder that Harry had probably time traveled crossed both their minds, but neither voiced it in favor of simplicity.

Dumbledore sighed. "You are correct," he said. "But if he has not been treated properly-"

"Don't think about that," McGonagall said firmly. "Believe the boy will be alright, and he will be. I'm sure he's having great fun at this moment."

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD<em>

Dragon fighting lessons.

This would have been great if Hiccup hadn't been shown his complete inability to kill dragons mere hours ago.

He entered the arena to the mocking words and shocked stares of the other five - Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and Astrid. He tried to avoid looking at Astrid, knowing he would just make a fool of himself and didn't want to see what she thought.

"Behind these walls lie only a few of the many species of dragons we face on a daily basis! We'll be learning how to fight each and every one of them! The Deadly Nadder-" Gobber gestured grandly as he spoke, and Fishlegs was muttering statistics from the Dragon Manual under his breath.

"The Gronckle! The Terrible Terror! The Zippleback! Will you stop that?" He finally shouted at Fishlegs, who clammed up immediately.

"And last but not least...the Monstrous Nightmare." There were several sharp intakes of breath as Gobber gestured to the final door. "Now then! We'll start immediately!"

\_What? \_Was Hiccup's only thought, along with panic as Gobber drew the block out of the door's way and the Gronckle burst through.

It was a disaster. Though shields helped a little bit, everyone was running around like crazy, since Gobber believed in 'learning on the job' and didn't actually tell them what to do. Hiccup felt like a fool, hiding behind a plank of wood, but he was scared! Dragons were dangerous, he couldn't kill the, and he didn't know what to do!

The Gronckle had cornered him in the last bit of the lesson, backing him up against a rock, and nearly charred him before he pushed it away violently with magic. It had used up its last shot, and Gobber dragged it back into its cage.

"Remember, lads," he said darkly as he barred the doors again. "A dragon \_always\_ goes for the kill."

\_But the Night Fury hadn't, \_Hiccup remembered with some confusion, thinking about how it had roared in his face and left. \_Why didn't it?\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup made his way through the area he'd stopped in yesterday, sighing. He darted through a narrow pass between some rocks and looked out on an empty hollow with a small lake.<p>

"This is stupid," he sighed and looked down. Hiccup frowned, seeing a small black circle on the ground. He knelt down, scratching at it to see what it was before yelping and backpedaling as something big and black launched itself up the cliff next to him.

The Night Fury!

It was scrabbling at the cliff right next to the pass, roaring and clawing before it fell back down and, wobbly, swooped over to land.

Hiccup watched in fascination as it repeatedly leaped up the cliff faces, wings flapping, and got out his notebook to draw it. After sketching out the wingspan, the tail, and the brief flare of wings at its tailbone, he frowned. \_Why can't it fly out?\_

Then Hiccup noticed that half of its tail was missing.

\_Oh. \_He rubbed that out in his notebook.

While he was doing so, his pencil dropped over the edge of the stone, plonking into the lake and causing the dragon to whip around and stare straight at him.

They were frozen like that for several minutes, neither breaking eye contact, before Hiccup mustered the will to move and ran back out through the passage.

He visited again, though, remembering how he'd seen the dragon futilely snapping in the water, probably for fish. He borrowed one of the shields from the training cage, took a fish from his house, and made his way back to the hollow.

The dragon had warily accepted it, and its mouth had opened to reveal pink gums. Hiccup could have sworn it had teeth, but it turned out that it did, snapping up the fish and making Hiccup jerk his hand back.

The half-eaten fish it had choked back up for him was \_gross\_, but at least the dragon was more friendly towards him now. He'd tried to touch it, but Toothless [as he had started mentally calling the dragon] didn't react well.



Toothless retreated father away, charring a circle in the dirt and settling down on it to curl up and sleep. Hiccup sat down cross-legged near him and carefully shifted closer, a grin breaking out on his face. He was actually interacting with a dragon in a situation that wasn't a fight!

The touching thing failed, for the most part, and Hiccup sat down on a stump a fair distance away to try and draw Toothless. The black dragon, now interested in what he was doing, sidled over to watch. He seemed almost happy, but Hiccup didn't consider himself a good judge.

He continued with his drawing, only to whirl around at a sudden noise. Toothless had decided to join in, taking a small tree in his mouth and dragging it over the sand. He didn't create anything other than a lot of swirls and loops in the sand, but he seemed proud of it. When Hiccup got up to leave, he stepped on one of the lines and Toothless startled growling at him. Hiccup stepped off of it, and Toothless stopped. On, off, on, off. Growl, happy, growl, happy. Hiccup finally stepped over it, gaining no negative reaction from Toothless.

Hiccup had all his attention occupied trying to walk away without stepping on any lines, but his breath caught when he realized he was suddenly standing inches away from Toothless.

He turned to see the dragon observing him not with anger, but merely with curiosity and wide eyes, pupils no longer slits but more circular and humanlike.

Taking a deep breath, Hiccup put out his hand and and closed his eyes, not wanting to see if it got bitten off.

The feel of smooth scales on his hand made him open them again.

Toothless had put his head on Hiccup's hand, eyes something like trusting as he slowly pulled away again.

Hiccup only stared, speechless. Night Furies were the bane of Viking kind, and here was one willingly letting him pet it. His whole world had been flipped upside down.

\* \* \*

><p>He had made plans as soon as he'd gotten home, drawing out designs for a fake tail for Toothless. Hiccup worked into the night, using all of his skills as a blacksmith to create metal rods and winches and straps to attach it to the dragon's tail.<p>

He hoped this turned out well.

Hiccup hunted down a bunch of fish to distract Toothless while he buckled on the tail. The dragon took to them eagerly, but jumped away and growled at the striped eel that Hiccup had included.

"Yeah, I don't like eel much either." Hiccup slipped around behind him. "Okay, don't mind me, I'll just be back here.." he knelt beside Toothless's tail, eventually giving up and sitting on it to keep it

still while the prosthetic was buckled on.

Toothless wiggled underneath him, and Hiccup hugged the tail tighter to keep still, but he wasn't prepared for Toothless to suddenly take off! He had to struggle to keep the fake tailfin extended, even going so far as to use magic to keep it steady and when Toothless flicked him off his tail to fly away alone they both crashed, Toothless yowling and upset.

"Okay," said Hiccup breathlessly. "Time to redo these plans."

\* \* \*

><p>It was several weeks later before he and Toothless went for an actual test flight, Hiccup having designed a saddle and rigged it so he could control the fin from Toothless's back. The dragon had taken to wearing a saddle better than Hiccup expected, and was standing patiently while Hiccup fretted over the cheat sheet he'd written.<p>

"Alright, position three, no, four," he said nervously, and adjusted the pedal. Toothless jumped into the air, soaring better than Hiccup had ever seen and they effortlessly flew, Hiccup making the necessary adjustments until the cheat sheet was ripped away by the wind.

"No!" Hiccup reached to catch it, but as he did so the rope keeping him attached to the saddle slipped loose of its fastening and he went plummeting down, along with Toothless, who without Hiccup to control his prosthetic could not fly very well.

Hiccup, while terrified of the distance from which he was falling, suddenly found himself no longer falling. Toothless was in a similar position, and was looking around to see what they had landed on.

Hiccup, nearly forgetting in his relief, concentrated hard to bring himself closer to Toothless, a single word generating a gust of wind which pushed him into the dragon. Toothless growled in annoyance, twitching away the wing he'd bumped into.

"Sorry!" Hiccup secured the cheat sheet the wind had fetched for him, and laughing at forgetting about his magic, he secured the sheet with a small rune on the clasp which attached it to the saddle. He re-secured himself and let go of the magic, starting their free-fall once again and Toothless spread his wings, effortlessly soaring into a canyon of mazelike stone pillars which required a lot of sharp twists and turns to get through safely. Hiccup whooped as they entered open sky, spreading his arms from his place on top of Toothless.

This was brilliant!

\* \* \*

><p><em>1986 AD<em>

Dumbledore let go of the scroll as it sprang back into a curled roll. Harry Potter was still not on the incoming student's list. Was it possible he had only been transported a few years into the past? Or would he show up in 1991, the year he would have originally

attended?

It was no matter. Incoming student or not, Albus Dumbledore had been looking for four years and had found no trace of Harry Potter. Where could he possibly be?

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD, a couple weeks earlier than the last scene<em>

Hiccup had been using the tricks he'd learned from Toothless in class, and who knew he'd be so good with dragons? He used the same eel from earlier, hidden under his vest so only the Zippleback could see it, and backed it into the cage and locked the door. He'd turned around to see Gobber and the other five students staring at him in openmouthed shock.

The grass Toothless had so enjoyed was used to distract a Gronckle, and the spot he'd found that, when scratched, made Toothless collapse worked equally well against a Deadly Nadder. Astrid had been about to strike it with an axe when it collapsed, leaving her and Hiccup facing each other over its back.

Astrid had nearly caught him with Toothless once. She'd been angrily mauling trees with her axe, and had caught sight of him on his way to Toothless with a new prosthetic. He'd darted away and she hadn't found the hollow, but Hiccup knew it had been a close call.

He was getting swarmed every time he sat down or even walked somewhere, thanks to his newfound fame as the star pupil of dragonfighting class. He slipped away even more often as well, but luckily most people put it down to him being shy about his new status, and paid it no mind.

Hiccup thought he was lucky to have gotten so far with Toothless without anyone noticing. His father was not yet back from his voyage to try and find the dragon's nest, so Stoick wasn't a worry yet. But there was still the dilemma of how to convince everyone in Berk that dragon's weren't really their enemy. Toothless may have been friendly to Hiccup, but there was no telling how he might react to other people, and he was still just one dragon out of the hundreds that regularly attacked. It was these precise reasons that Hiccup avoided thinking about it as much as possible.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1987 AD<em>

"Everything's peaceful, I tell you. Why hasn't the Potter boy come out of hiding?"

Dumbledore had been afraid of this. Fudge was demanding answers about the Boy-Who-Lived, answers he couldn't give. He looked up solemnly at the Minister.

"Cornelius, you are demanding information I have been asked not to give."

"By who?"

"Mister Potter's caretaker."

"Aha!" Fudge pointed at him triumphantly. "So you do know where he is, then? Well, out with it!"

"I will not." Dumbledore leaned forward. "Cornelius, the public does not control you--"

"They bloody well are important!"

"Listen to me! They will not vote you out of office for protecting a six year old boy from becoming a celebrity! Think, Cornelius! Would you thrust that expectant mantle of the public eye onto a toddler?" Granted, seeing as how time travel was involved Dumbledore had no way of knowing how old Harry Potter was, but he had told Fudge nothing about that and Harry would have been six by now.

Fudge had drawn into himself slightly, wide eyed. "I-yes, you're right. My apologies, Dumbledore. I won't disturb you further." The Minister took a handful of Floo powder and tossed it into the fireplace, vanishing in a whirlwind of emerald flames.

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD<em>

In hindsight, Hiccup probably should have known it wouldn't last.

He'd somehow, miraculously been selected as the top of his class, and therefore was the one who would kill the Monstrous Nightmare in front of the whole village.

He'd immediately made plans to leave, to fly away on Toothless and find some remote island, but when he got to Toothless's hollow he found himself confronted by a furious Astrid.

"People don't just get good," she said icily, backing Hiccup up against a rock. "Are you being trained? Is that it?"

"What? No, I-" he didn't get a chance to explain as Toothless interrupted, snaking down the hill and towards the pair.

"Run!" shouted Astrid, stumbling backwards, but to her shock Hiccup ran towards the dragon.

"No no no, Toothless, it's okay! She's nice!"

Astrid gaped at him disbelievingly, but Hiccup was more concerned with making sure Toothless didn't try and attack her. The black dragon looked at Hiccup, the sat back on his haunches with curious eyes directed towards Astrid.

Astrid ran. Understandable, but Hiccup had to go right after her - there was no way he could risk this being revealed to the tribe.

"Put me down!" Toothless had picked her up on the fly and deposited her in the high branches of a tree, perching right above where she

clung. "Hiccup, get me off this!"

"Please," he said before Astrid could threaten anything. "Astrid, just let me explain-"

"I am not listening to \_anything \_you say!"

"Alright, then-" Hiccup held out his hands pleadingly. "I-I won't speak. Let me show you."

Astrid warily eyed Toothless, before climbing up to where the dragon sat. She smacked away Hiccup's helping hand and clambered on herself.

"Alright," said Hiccup, relieved. "Toothless. Down. \_Gently.\_"

Toothless shot upwards like a rocket. Astrid screamed, nearly falling off the back of the dragon.

"Toothless! Bad dragon! What do you think you're doing?" Toothless didn't respond, instead choosing to dive towards the water and skip over the surface, jarring even Hiccup, who by now thought himself an experienced rider.

"Toothless! What are you doing? We need her to like us!" The dragon paid him no heed, jumping from the crest of one wave to another as Astrid held on tightly to Hiccup. Toothless then rocketed upwards, going higher than Hiccup had ever dared and spinning in a tight circle.

"And now the spinning. Thanks for nothing, you useless reptile." Hiccup said deadpan, which was of course entirely lost on Toothless.

Astrid clung even tighter, now that they were nearly vertical. "Okay, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Just get me off this thing!"

As if he heard her and understood perfectly, Toothless suddenly eased off, settling into a smooth glide. Astrid peeked over Hiccup's shoulder, wary.

"There we go!" Hiccup sighed. "I don't know why he did that..."

Astrid wasn't listening, having noticed how close they were to the clouds, stained pink by the setting sun, and was running her hand through the white substance in amazement.

She began to laugh, and Hiccup grinned a little, glad that things were finally going well.

Toothless took them on an amazing ride, bursting above the clouds into a dark nighttime sky dotted with stars and with an amazing rainbow of color threading through it. When the clouds dispersed, there was an amazing birds-eye view of Berk, lights from the island shining brightly in the darkness now that the sun had set.

"Wow," Astrid breathed, her earlier fear all but forgotten. A fog was rolling in as they soared around the island, and suddenly Toothless

pricked up his...ear things to catch a low, chittering noise that was coming from an invisible source nearby.

"What is that?" Hiccup asked, before gasping as a Monstrous Nightmare appeared out of the fog near them. He and Astrid ducked close to Toothless's back.

"No. Sudden. Moves." hissed Hiccup, but Astrid needed to words to understand that their situation had suddenly become far more dangerous.

Dragons were visible all around them in the fog, but they weren't heading for Berk, instead flying past it with all sorts of animals in their claws.

\_They're bringing home the kill, \_thought Hiccup disbelievingly. \_And we're following them.\_

Toothless had fallen in with the group easily, the two vikings on his back going apparently unnoticed.

"We must be going to the nest," Astrid hissed in his ear and that news, that they were about to find something that had evaded the best Vikings over the last three hundred years, made Hiccup's heart start racing.

The nest, as it turned out, was inside a volcano.

The inside was a hazy red, and Hiccup was disgusted to see that all the food those dragons went to the trouble of stealing was just dropped into a gigantic pit!

That opinion shifted a bit when, one dragon having not gotten enough food, a huge gaping maw filled with sharp teeth emerged out of the haze and snapped up the unfortunate Gronckle.

"Let's get out of here!" Toothless was only too happy to oblige, and they barely escaped being eaten before shooting out of the top of the volcano.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1988 AD<em>

Dumbledore had to stop himself from checking the register of students, telling himself firmly that Harry Potter was not coming to Hogwarts for three more years, and no amount of looking was going to change that.

But still, he had a reputation to uphold, didn't he? What kind of headmaster didn't know his students' names? Dumbledore made up his mind and carefully unrolled the list, scanning over the names. A quiet sigh escaped him when there were no Potters this year - in fact, there were no P names at all. How strange.

Dumbledore shrugged it off and returned to his desk. Quite a tricky conundrum had been plaguing him these past few years, what with the mess Nicholas had asked him to help sort out with the stone. Dumbledore had accepted, still feeling as though he owed his old master a debt.

A gleam entered his eyes as he thought of the beginnings of a clever scheme involving a fake stone and a series of traps...

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD<em>

Hiccup gulped as he heard his father making a speech before his Final Exam. Behind him, Astrid stood anxiously. She had promised not to tell anyone about the nest or Toothless, and he felt it reassuring that he finally had someone he could trust.

She patted his shoulder. "Are you going to be alright?"

Hiccup managed a nod, adjusting the helmet on his head. The idea of what he was about to do was making him nearly sick with nerves, but he had to do it. He had to show them what they were doing wrong.

The Nightmare was already flaming when they let it out of its cage. Hiccup had chosen a shield and a small knife, not unlike the one he'd had when he first saw Toothless. The Nightmare's fire doused as it caught sight of him, and it lowered itself to the floor of the arena and began to walk towards him.

Hiccup let his shield and knife clatter to the ground. He ignored the murmurs coming from the watching villagers, and slowly removed the helmet Stoick had given him, letting that fall too. Carefully, he stretched out a hand so that he was almost touching the Nightmare.

"Stop the fight." Hiccup looked up sharply at his dad, and projected his voice.

"No, you need to see this! Let me show you! All of it, we were always wrong about them..." the Nightmare came a little closer to his hand, eyes half-lidded and pupils wide.

"Stop the fight!" Stoick hit his hammer against the side of the arena in fury. It dented the metal bars with a clang. The Nightmare's eyes shot wide open and its pupils shrank to slits. Hiccup snatched his hand away, and dove to the side, avoiding a jet of fire.

Hiccup's yell echoed through the canyon, a faint trace of it reaching Toothless, who began to desperately claw his way out of the hollow to reach Hiccup and help him.

Meanwhile, Astrid pried open the metal gate with an ax, darting into the arena and frantically looking around for anything that would be useful against a Monstrous Nightmare. She grabbed a shield and another ax, turning to face the huge dragon with a fierce gaze. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!" A Viking war cry, it was said, could strike fear into the hearts of a hundred men, and win a battle before one began.

The Nightmare was only held off, and it kept coming back. It was chaos in the arena, and even those watching were not safe. People had to dodge blasts of fire left and right, and then there was-

The whistling roar of an incoming plasma blast echoed, and there was

barely time to get out of the way before one burned a hole through the bars and Toothless leaped into the arena, immediately taking a position which put him between the Nightmare and Hiccup. The Vikings started panicking, not seeing the defensive move as the arena was now full of a brownish smoke and only the echo of flapping wings could be seen.

"No! Toothless-" the smaller dragon leaped on top of the Nightmare, the two fighting for all they were worth. Toothless shook himself free again and roared, a show of dominance that the other dragon was clearly unwilling to submit to. It might have ended up badly, but the intervention of the villagers undoubtedly made it worse.

The stormed in, yelling loudly, and went for both dragons. Astrid had to hold Hiccup back, but even so several of them were thrown around by unrestrained magic.

"Let him go! He hasn't done anything!"

"Hiccup, there's nothing you can do!" Astrid yelled over him. Hiccup looked at her, and she saw for a moment the kind of furious sadness that only came in a helpless situation.

"You can't do anything," she repeated, holding his arm tighter. "He's a Night Fury; they're not going to listen."

Hiccup nodded, but he visibly restrained himself when Toothless was thrown into an empty cave and the doors locked.

Stoick loomed over him and Astrid. He seemed not to notice the girl was there, tugging Hiccup roughly to his feet and dragging him away up the hill. Astrid only hoped nothing too bad would happen.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1989 AD<em>

Dumbledore watched the new students be Sorted one by one, and how after each House was called out those students exploded into cheers. He never got tired of watching this, watching students enter the world of magic and become a real part of it - some for the first time, some only just now officially.

Professor McGonagall turned to speak to him over dinner. "What did the Hat mean in its song?" she asked quietly, referring to the cryptic warning that the Hat had sung. Only a few had realized it was a warning, and Dumbledore had in fact been mentally puzzling over it.

"That is a discussion best left for private quarters," \_when I myself have a better idea of what the Hate meant, \_Dumbledore added silently. He had a strong feeling of foreboding, and nothing he thought of could wrench the feeling from his gut.

\* \* \*

><p><em>805 AD<em>

"So everything in the arena was a trick? A lie?" said Stoick furiously.



"Dad-" Hiccup had no words to explain himself. "Please, take it out on me, and be mad at me but please, don't hurt Toothless."

"The dragon?" Stoick swept around to glare at him. "All of this has gone wrong, and you're worried about the dragon? Not the people you almost killed?"

"He's not dangerous! He was protecting me!"

"They have killed hundreds of us!" Stoick boomed.

"And we've killed thousands of them!" Hiccup retorted. "Dad, please, it's not their fault, they have to! They'll get eaten otherwise! There's something weird on their island-it's like..." he trailed off as Stoick stared at him with wide eyes.

"You've been to their nest?" He said, grabbing Hiccup with both hands. "How did you find it?"

"I-I didn't, only a dragon can find the island..." Hiccup saw what his dad was thinking right away. "No. Dad, no! Please! You can't go after it - you'll be killed!"

"Hiccup," Stoick actually growled his name, and Hiccup realized he might have been in graver trouble than he dared worry. "This is our only chance to get one over these pests. And you've made it clear where you stand." He pushed him so that Hiccup tumbled to the dusty floor. "You're no Viking. And you're no son of mine."

The door slammed behind Stoick, leaving Hiccup in darkness.

\* \* \*

><p>With Toothless constantly straining against the harness he'd been buckled into, the crunch of the soil under the ships was no doubt the soil of the dragon's nest. Stoick put one foot on the island and all noise immediately stopped, chittering and cawing giving way to total, blank, silence.<p>

The Vikings set up their battleground on the beach, spikes mounted where the dragons might run into them as they flew out, catapults ready to break the mountainside.

They were not expecting the dragons to all just fly away.

They were definitely not expecting the Red Death.

\* \* \*

><p>The dragons from the training cage had to be coaxed out by Hiccup, the Nightmare especially, before they allowed anyone to pet them, much less ride them. Ruff and Tuff naturally picked the Zippleback to ride [one head for each of them] while Hiccup left Snotlout nervously petting the Nightmare, and Fishlegs got the Gronckle, which left the Nadder for him and Astrid to share until they got Toothless back.<p>

The flight to the island was swift, cutting it shorter than Hiccup remembered, but that was quickly put out of his mind when he saw the

line of flaming Viking ships and the disaster of an army trapped on the beach.

"There!" He jumped off the Nadder onto the ship where Toothless was still chained, frantically pulling at his bindings. Hiccup pulled the muzzle off him, but he could do nothing about the chains, with no weapon to speak of.

Hiccup pulled as hard as he could at the chains, fruitlessly whaling at them with his magic, but even magic can do little against iron.

The ship they were on was already on fire, and one swipe from the huge dragon's tail sent it into the water. Hiccup managed to create a small air-bubble around his mouth, but minutes of having no effect on the chains and his air was running out. Hiccup's vision was blurring when Stoick hauled him out, and dove right back in for Toothless.

Dragon and Viking stared at one another silently for only a moment before Stoick came to a conclusion and broke the wooden collar around Toothless, the chains anchored to it falling away and Toothless rocketing to the surface. When Stoick came up for air, Toothless was standing protectively over Hiccup, who was using the harness to haul himself to his feet.

"Hiccup!" Stoick took his arm, making Hiccup swing around to look at him. "I'm sorry...for everything. You don't have to go up there."

Hiccup gave his father what he hoped was a reassuring smile. "We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard."

Stoick couldn't find it in himself to grin back. "So you know-I have never been prouder to call you my son."

Hiccup had no words as he took off, Toothless speeding up with a whoosh and creating the whistle of warning.

"Night Fury!" Someone shouted from below, and at least half of the Vikings ducked before realizing that Hiccup was riding it, which was cause for a few shocked shouts.

"He's up! Ruff, Tuff, get Snotlout out of there!" Astrid shouted, pulling her Nadder over to one side to shout at the twins.

"Got it!" The twins started bickering over the best way to get him out, while Snotlout ran up the Red Death's head and jumped into the fork of the Zippleback's necks.

"Ha! I can't believe that worked!"

Hiccup and Toothless soared above the island, then darted down towards where Astrid was getting sucked into the Death's mouth and snatching her up right before she hit the ground.

"Did you get her?" Hiccup shouted. Toothless looked along his stomach and grinned, letting Astrid roll out of his grip and safely onto the sand.

"Okay, it's got wings, let's see if it can use them!" Toothless soared to a halt, striking the Death heavily in the side and knocking it over. The pair flew straight up, wanting to force it to give chase.

The huge dragon emerged from the clouds below them, its wings flapping and tiny eyes narrowed at them.

"Well, it can fly!" Hiccup looked behind them and quickly focused forwards again, not wanting to lose his nerve. "We gotta disappear, bud!" There was a bank of dark clouds ahead, and Toothless vanished into them as easily as he did at night. The Death looked around, confused, unable to pick out the black dragon among equally dark clouds.

Toothless came out of nowhere, dealing blows to both wings and over the queen's spine, and at this point Hiccup was just there to make sure he could fly right. The Red Death roared, shooting flame in wild streams around her in a desperate attempt to hit them. Toothless's fin was hit, the leather burning brightly.

"Oh, no. Okay, one last shot, come on Toothless!" Toothless looked along his back at the burning tail, and seemed to gain new courage as they dived sharply, goading the queen into following them into a hopeless dive.

"Come on, come on," Hiccup muttered, and minutes into the dive the queen opened her mouth wide. "Now!" Toothless flipped around in midair, shooting a purple blast down the queen's throat.

The queen gurgled, her own fire reacting negatively with Toothless's, and as Hiccup pulled Toothless out of the dive and back into the air the blast Toothless had shot down her throat exploded, forming a fiery cloud that killed her instantly. Hiccup was piloting Toothless away from the explosion when the queen's tail came out of the smoke, arcing over their heads and knocking Hiccup off.

"No!" Hiccup reached out, and over him Toothless dived again, curling his body around Hiccup and falling into the flames.

\* \* \*

><p>Blurry vision greeted Hiccup when he woke up, which when it cleared revealed Toothless sitting in front of him with eyes that stretched wide in happiness.<p>

"Hey," Hiccup murmured as Toothless nudged him. "Nice to see you too." Toothless, in his eagerness, darted away, accidentally stepping on Hiccup and jolting him into a sitting position. "OW! Oh-" Hiccup looked around.

"I'm in my house." A crash made him look up to the rafters, where Toothless was perched. "\_You're \_in my house. Does my dad know you're in my-" Hiccup paused as he realized there was something on his leg, clamped around it. He pulled the blanket off and looked blankly at his leg before he realized what he was seeing.

Toothless came over docilely as he swung his legs off the bed, sniffing at the metal prosthetic. He raised his head to look at Hiccup, who was still staring at it and thought he might be freaking

out.

"Okay," Hiccup pulled himself up by the bedpost. "I can do this." He took one step, balancing carefully, and then tripped on the next, Toothless darting to catch him.

"Thanks, bud." Hiccup kept one arm over Toothless's neck, walking to the door and opening it only to shove it closed as a Nightmare came within view. \_Are we being attacked? \_he thought, panicked, before opening the door again and realizing Snotlout was riding it, dragging a bundle of wood off somewhere.

There were dragons everywhere, perching of rooftops, eating fish, helping rebuild the village. "That's it," Hiccup said faintly. "I'm dead." A familiar chuckle and a large hand on his shoulder stopped him from going back inside.

"No," said Stoick, "But you gave it your best shot."

"Hey, it's Hiccup!" said someone from lower in the village, and people started looking up towards the chief's house and cheering, gathering around them in a crowd.

"Dragons have made peace with us," said Stoick jovially, "And they're even helping us rebuild! I guess all we needed was a little bit of this," he said.

"You just gestured to all of me," said Hiccup faintly. He could hardly believe it.

"Well, most of ye," said Gobber, coming up behind his dad. "That's my handiwork," he pointed to the fake leg, "With a li'l bit o' Hiccup flair thrown in! What do y' think?"

Hiccup stuck his leg out and regarded it critically. "I might make a few tweaks." That got a few laughs, and Hiccup didn't have time to be surprised as Gobber thrust a bright red bundle of fabric into his hands.

This whole dragon fiasco had turned out better than Hiccup would have ever believed.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So this all turned out waaaay longer than I thought it would. What do you think? Read and please leave a review!<br>\*\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 3 - New Family

\*\*I hope you all enjoyed the last chapter, and I didn't bore you by making you read stuff you've already seen. I should be approaching the Hogwarts arc soon, where we'll go into the larger details of the tournament and such. I'm actually still working on how Hiccup will get himself to the future, but all in good time.\*\*

\*\*WARNING: SPOILERS FOR HTTYD 2!\*\*

\*\*There's one bit in the chapter where two characters sing together, if you'd like to listen to the song while reading, search 'httyd the

dancing and the dreaming' on YouTube. The first or second options are both good.\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or How To Train Your Dragon\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<em>

Hiccup grinned under his helmet as he and Toothless flew above the clouds. He eased back and pulled back the handles on the saddle, easing into a glide and watching the huge dragons above him.

\_This is the life.\_

Hiccup leaned forward again, patting Toothless behind his head. "You wanna give this another shot, buddy?" Toothless made a noise that sounded a bit like a groan.

"\_Toothless,\_ c'mon! It'll be fun." Hiccup reassured him, drawing a low warble from the dragon. Locking the fake tailfin in place, Hiccup unstrapped himself from the saddle and let himself fall to one side.

"Aaaaah!" No matter how many times they practiced, Hiccup was still bothered by heights. It was even more ridiculous considering he'd learned years ago how to create a wind to catch both himself and Toothless.

Speaking of Toothless...

The black dragon soared down and matched Hiccup's descent, letting his tongue wag slightly out of his mouth.

Hiccup smiled at his dragon's antics, then leaned down to release the fabric he'd sewn into the suit. The thick cloth caught the wind with a snap, forcing his arms wide and his fall leveled off, so that he was flying as well.

Hiccup bent his arm with some effort to smack the coil that released the fin on the back of the suit, so that he was more aerodynamic - not that he called it that, for the word wouldn't be invented for several centuries.

Hiccup laughed as he flew, wondering if this was what Toothless felt like. "This is amazing!" Behind him, Toothless shot out several streams of fire to create updrafts for Hiccup to fly on.

"Whoa!" A stone pillar had appeared out of nowhere, and Hiccup struggled to maneuver out of the way. "Toothless!" He tried to create a wind to stop himself, but his panic at seeing the cliff wall suddenly appear prevented him from creating anything more than a wind barely strong enough to nudge him out of the way.

Toothless came at him all at once, bundling himself around Hiccup and rolling down the hill they suddenly encountered, crashing through trees and undergrowth.

When they finally came to a stop, Hiccup disentangled himself from

his dragon, brushing off twigs and bits of leaves from his suit. "We need to work on your solo gliding there, bud," he said, wincing when a stone hit him in the back of the head.

"Ow!" He turned around to see Toothless looking pointedly the other way. "Toothless! Are you pouting, you big baby?" Toothless made some sort of mocking approximation of Hiccup.

"Well, try this on for size!" Hiccup grabbed Toothless around the neck, futilely pushing and pulling while the dragon didn't so much as blink. "Are you feeling it yet? You feeling all my heartfelt remorse?" Toothless stood up on two legs, leaving Hiccup hanging off, and waddled [there's really no better word for it] over to the edge so Hiccup is hanging over it.

"You wouldn't hurt a one-legged-ah!" Hiccup made the mistake of glancing down. "Okay! Okay! You were right!"

Toothless made a noise that sounded almost like a laugh and flopped over backwards, then reversed their positions so that he was standing over Hiccup.

"Oh, it's ugly!" Hiccup fake-fights with Toothless, who bats at him with one foot. "Dragons and vikings, enemies again!" Toothless let his head fall onto Hiccup's chest, making Hiccup's breath whoosh out in a groan. The dragon started licking him as an apology, but Hiccup quickly rolled out of the way.

"Eugh, Toothless!" He flicked spit off his chest. "You \_know \_this doesn't wash out."

Shaking out as much of the saliva as he could, Hiccup looked out at the forest hundreds of feet below them and spread out to the horizon.

"Looks like we found another one, huh?" He took out the handmade map and held up another page for Toothless to lick so he could attach it. He sharpened his style\* with a word and looked behind him at Toothless.

"What should we call it?" Toothless's response was to turn and start scratching himself. "Itchy armpit it is." Hiccup scribbled down the name, with a rough drawing of what he saw. A flapping noise and a heavy thump behind him alerted him to someone else's arrival.

"You're still working on the map?" It was Astrid. She sat down next to him while Stormfly and Toothless greeted each other and started messing around.

"Yep."

"You're really dedicated, you know."

"There's stuff out there, Astrid! Imagine what we could find, how far we could go, with dragons helping us!"

"Okay, calm down," Astrid chuckled. "Your map looks great. Hey, why weren't you at the race this morning?"

"Oh. Um, I had a...thing with my dad. I left super early and I guess I forgot."

"Hiccup! What happened?"

"Okay," Hiccup stood up. "So I wake up in the morning, the sun is shining, the Terrible Terrors are crowing on the rooftop, and I go downstairs expecting some breakfast. Not so. Instead I get," Hiccup affected a thick Scottish accent. "Son, we need to talk about something."

Astrid did a horrible Hiccup impersonation. "Well gee dad, that sounds great."

"I do not sound like that."

"Of course you don't, Hiccup."

"\_Anyway\_" the accent reappeared. "Son, I've been thinking about things, and you're one of the best dragon riders in the village, and the best heir I could hope for. That's why I've decided-"

"To make you chief!" Astrid practically screamed, leaping up to face Hiccup. "Hiccup! This is great!" Hiccup didn't get a chance to respond as Astrid continued. "Chief! It's an honor! I'll have to fly Toothless, since you'll be so busy, and the map will have to wait for sure-" she stopped when she turned around and saw his expression.

"I just-" Hiccup blew out a breath. "It's not me, you know? I'm not... \_meant \_to be Chief. I'll just mess things up." He sat back down in front of his map, and Astrid did as well.

She took a piece of hair and started braiding it. "Being chief isn't something that you just decide to do, Hiccup," she said, and laid a hand on his chest. "It's in here. And sure, there's a lot out there, but we don't have to find it all now."

Hiccup smiled, and then sat that way for a moment before he frowned, looking into the distance. "But there is something out there," he said.

Astrid snorted. "Hiccup, please-"

"No, Astrid - look."

Something strange loomed in the distance.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless and Stormfly flew swiftly over the dead forest, their riders regarding the gray trunks and sticklike branches with some apprehension. However, the sight that greeted them was even worse.<p>

A huge spear of ice, shards sticking out every which way, had thrust itself out of an ocean and apparently through someone's house. Splinters of wood, planks, and even an intact piece with a window were visible in between pieces of ice. The two dragons circled around the shards warily, wondering if any people were left.

As it turned out, there were.

"Hiccup!" He barely managed to avoid the bolas, something dragon's hadn't been confronted with for five years, and it hit Astrid and Stormfly instead, causing Stormfly to spiral towards the ocean. Toothless swooped down and caught Astrid, but her Nadder landed hard on a flat area of ice and was quickly set upon by a group of men in furs.

"Hey!" Toothless landed and let both Astrid and Hiccup off, Hiccup unsheathing his fire blade and wielding it threateningly.

"Well, well," said the man currently standing on top of Stormfly. "There's not many that can net themselves a Night Fury-won't Drago be pleased when he hears this!"

"Look," Hiccup said, "We'd just like our dragon back-"

"Oh that's rich!" The man snapped. "Asking for favors after all you did? Like one of your friends didn't just come in here and destroy our fort!" He gestured to the ruins and ice everywhere.

"You think we did this?" Hiccup said incredulously. "We haven't done anything!"

"Oh, I'm sure," said the man, jumping off of Stormfly. Toothless growled threateningly. "Like a trapper's job isn't hard enough without do-gooder dragon riders coming in and releasing them!"

"Trappers?" Astrid questioned, distracted from her worry over Stormfly for a moment.

"\_Dragon \_trappers," the man boasted, "Finest ever! And who are you to think you can just waltz in here and stop us?"

"Usually you introduce yourself first," said Hiccup, stalling.

"Oh, where are my manners?" The man dropped into an exaggerated bow. "Eret, son of Eret, and-" he unsheathed a short, broad-bladed sword. "Finest dragon trapper in service of Drago Bludfist."

"Alright," said Hiccup slowly. "Well then, we won't bother you. We'll take our dragon back, and then you can continue doing...whatever for Drago."

"You think it's that easy to catch a dragon?" Eret yanked down his shirt to reveal a pale pink brand on his skin. "This is what Drago did to me the last time I came in empty-handed. You can guess that I don't want it to happen again. Besides, we need as many as we can get for a dragon army! Get 'em!"

"Army?" Hiccup's question went unanswered as the men charged at the two Vikings and Toothless, who launched himself into the air and spat a blast at a spear of ice, which broke and landed on some of Eret's companions. Hiccup and Astrid fought their way to Stormfly and cut her free, Astrid swinging herself on and Hiccup taking a running jump onto Toothless as he swung by.

"This isn't the last you'll see of us!" Eret shouted threateningly as



they flew back towards Berk. "No matter where you are, we will find those dragons!"

\* \* \*

><p><em>1990 AD, September<br>\_

Dumbledore sighed as he unrolled the newspaper over breakfast. There had been no news for the last year, everything seeming to have quieted down. To him, of course, there was quite a bit of news.

Nicholas had finally agreed to his ruse with the fake stone, and was busy creating a fake to replace the one they'd left in their Gringotts vault. Nicholas had informed him that at the end of next year he and Perenelle would be leaving to move back into their old home in France. Not the one they originally owned, of course, as that one was practically a hovel by modern standards and had most likely been replaced by some Flamel museum.

The idea of letting Voldemort's shade into Hogwarts was repulsive, but there was no alternate choice. He would be spending most of the year, as he already had over the summer, working new wards into the already-existing ones, to prevent the spirit from getting into any mischief. They had to be particularly subtle, and consequently were not as effective as more obvious ones, but more easily detected wards would send the whole trap up in smoke.

The trap, however, would not be ready for another year, and so over the next summer Dumbledore planned to drop hints in key places that the Philosopher's Stone was in Gringotts. Voldemort would have someone try to rob it, and hearing that the vault had been emptied, would have Hagrid go and retrieve it. Hagrid was trustworthy enough, but he hated the carts in the bank and would often go for a drink afterwards, and when he was drunk anything could be coaxed out of him. Good for the plan, but rather unfortunate in the long run.

Dumbledore scanned the paper, and hoped his ruse would work.

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<br>\_

Hiccup landed in the center of the village, Astrid right behind him. He swung off, letting Toothless fly to wherever he spent his time, and entered the blacksmith where his dad and Gobber were already working.

"Ah, there you are!" Stoick beamed at him. "So! Do you have something to say to me?"

"Yes, but I don't think-" Hiccup didn't get the whole sentence out.

"Excellent!" Stoick strode towards the customer-service part of the smith. "Now, lesson number one - a Chief works for his people." He took a thin block of wood with a single rune painted onto it off the hook it was hung on. "Forty-one!"

"That's me!" A man shouldered through the crowd around the window. "That's me! I've been waiting for ages. Now-" he leaned eagerly towards the window. "I need a saddle - one of the new ones - with a big back like you've been making."

"Right, of course," Stoick said, and turned away towards the smith, where a machine waited with a length of thick saddle leather heaped over it and a blade at the end to cut a pattern. Hiccup followed. "Dad, please, I found a new place while I was out-"

"Another one?" Gobber said as he doused the fire his dragon had started in the forge.

"Yes," Hiccup said testily, "And they weren't very friendly-"

"Oh well of course, you expected nothing but friendliness swooping down on them atop a Deadly Nadder and a Night Fury," Gobber said, rolling his eyes. "Who would expect otherwise?"

"It wasn't the usual running and screaming I've gotten used to," said Hiccup as he helped his dad cut the leather. "They were dragon trappers."

"It was crazy!" Astrid joined the conversation, having followed Hiccup in. "Their fort was totally destroyed, like someone had shoved a bunch of ice into the middle of their house-"

"They said they were making a dragon army," said Hiccup, "for some guy named Drac...Drigu? Drugo?"

Stoick had stopped moving, staring at Hiccup across the machine. "Drago Bludfist?"

"Yes! How did you..." Hiccup stared back. "You know him?"

\* \* \*

><p>"Lock up the dragons!" Stoick bellowed, storming into the dragon's cave. "Bring them all in! Let no one out!"<p>

"Dad!" Hiccup ran after him, alarmed. "What are you doing?"

"I'm protecting our island!" Stoick turned around to face Hiccup. "A Chief always does what he thinks is best for the people!"

"If this Drago's coming to attack us, then we need to track him down and convince him otherwise!" Hiccup shouted back.

"Hiccup, listen to me. Drago Bludfist is a madman and there is no changing his mind. We need to defend ourselves."

"No, we have to go look for him!"

"Hiccup, it's pointless!"

"So we're just going to sit here waiting for him to attack?"

"Yes, Hiccup! I will not risk our people's lives in a useless journey!"

Hiccup glared at his father, and turned to see Toothless looking at him expectantly.

Stoick ducked as the black dragon flew over his head, Hiccup on his back, headed for the closing gates. "No!" Toothless twisted away from the now-barred exit and flew towards the main opening, ducking through the narrow gap in between the double gates. Astrid followed, barely getting out in time, and the two set out to find Drago.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless and Stormfly landed heavily on the deck of the trapper's ship. Swords were pointed at them from all directions, and Eret came forward boldly.<p>

"So!" He said smugly. "You've accepted your fate! We'll take those dragons-

"Okay, we surrender," said Hiccup calmly, raising his hand and forcibly raising one of Astrid's, who was looking at him like he was crazy.

"What?" Disbelief was clear in Eret's voice, as he and Astrid dismounted.

"Yup. So, that's one Night Fury, one Deadly Nadder, and two of the finest dragon riders on Berk." said Hiccup brightly, climbing into the hold after Astrid. "So, we'll stay down here, but those two will stay on deck. They'll be fine." Toothless, who was sniffing at the bars Hiccup was now caged under, jumped violently as everyone pointed swords at him. "Unless you do that. Which you shouldn't. You know, fire-breathing dragons, wooden boat...how good is your swimming?" Hiccup poked his head up.

"Not good," said one of the fatter men.

"Exactly. Oh, what am I thinking?" said Hiccup, taking his sword - which was still nested inside its hilt-and throwing it onto the deck. "Can't have armed prisoners." Several of the men crowded around it curiously. "That's something of my own making. One end breathes Zippleback gas, while the other-" there was a loud explosion as the man who had picked it up demonstrated its function. "-Ignites it."

"Enough!" Eret picked up the sword and threw it overboard, not noticing Stormfly chasing after it. "We will take you to Drago, and he will show you why you riders are so naive," he hissed, looking to his left in surprise as Stormfly dropped the sword next to him. He threw it again, to the other side, and Stormfly eagerly went after it again.

"Well, I'd like to talk to Drago too," said Hiccup, patting Toothless's head. "I'm going to show him what it means to gain a dragon's loyalty."

Eret looked like he was about to say something, before looking up incredulously as Stormfly dropped the sword at his feet again.

"Look," said Hiccup, climbing out of the hold, "I am going to change

Drago's mind and you-" he didn't finish as he was snatched away by another dragon.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1991 AD, June<br>\_

He was on the list.

Dumbledore read over the Ps again, reassuring himself that the name Harry Potter was definitely on the list. Relaxing in relief, he let the list slip out of his hands and sagged back into his chair. That was one worry out of his mind - Harry Potter was alive, and his letter would soon be sent out. With him in Hogwarts this year, Dumbledore would easily be able to look after him and make sure he was living well. He would also be able to return the invisibility cloak, which he had borrowed from James shortly before his death.

Dumbledore left to find Minerva, to see if she'd yet written the boy's letter.

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<br>\_

Stoick had sent the other four best dragon riders after Hiccup and Astrid, going so far as to come himself, with Gobber following. He strode out to the middle of the deck, pushing Eret out of the way as the man tried to establish himself.

"Get on your dragon," he told Hiccup, who had used his suit to fly back to the ship. "We're going back to Berk."

"No," Hiccup said angrily. "Even if you won't, I'm going to try and stop this before this Drago tries to attack us! I can take care of myself, you know! Did you think I learned nothing with the Elder?" Several of the other Vikings looked at him curiously, as most did whenever Hiccup mentioned his magic.

Stoick glowered. "Do you know why I know he cannot be persuaded?" As the formidable chief told the story of how he had met Drago, everyone on the ship felt a faint stirring of fear. If he was that mad, and strong enough to kill a dragon and skin it, then how were they supposed to beat it?

Hiccup swung himself onto Toothless. "I still think we should at least try to talk," he said. "And you can't stop me." Toothless rattled the sail as he flew up, soaring into high skies and leaving the boat far behind in a matter of minutes.

Stoick made a noise of disgust, hoisting himself onto his own dragon, Skullcrusher. "Gobber, follow me. Not you," he told Astrid, who had moved to mount Stormfly. "Stay here and lead the others back to Berk." Astrid was furious at being forbidden to follow Hiccup, but she obeyed.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup groaned and let himself fall backwards so that he was

lying down on Toothless. They were flying above the clouds, which were dark with the lack of light up there, but he couldn't enjoy it.<p>

"Why doesn't he listen?" He wondered aloud, Toothless ignoring his friend. The black dragon jolted as he noticed something poking out of the clouds near him, his whine warning Hiccup.

The brunet sat up, taken aback at the person in blue armor that rose silently out of the fog as if standing on it, and they kept pace perfectly. They stared at each other in silence for a few minutes, and then the stranger sank below the clouds again.

Hiccup leaned closer to Toothless's back as he clenched the protection charm he carried with him. "No sudden moves..." Toothless seemed to agree with him, becoming absolutely silent and looking around warily.

A huge dragon burst out of the clouds in front of them, four wings beating loudly as Toothless scrambled to keep himself level. They faced each other, both hovering just above the clouds, and another dragon came out of nowhere to snatch Hiccup right off of Toothless's back.

"Toothless!" The black dragon roared as he fell, the prosthetic tail sagging without Hiccup to control it. The runes Hiccup had carved into his saddle and the other reins lit up, slowing his descent so that Toothless managed to fly enough to stop himself from landing in the water. He flapped his wings desperately, trying to follow Hiccup, but never managed to control his flight without his tail and slumped back onto the ice, nearly falling in the water a couple times.

He roared his displeasure, the sound reaching Hiccup even as he was carried away.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup was deposited in a dark cave, and when he scrambled to his feet he realized it was full of dragons. Taking out the sword he'd recovered from the deck of Eret's ship, he unsheathed the fiery blade and waved it in front of the dragon's eyes, hypnotizing them and unknowingly making the blue figure watch in fascination.<p>

One brave dragon crept closer in interest, and Hiccup quickly replaced the bottle of Zippleback gas and sprayed it in a circle around himself, lighting it on fire to the astonishment of the stranger.

The armored figure crept closer, only standing back when another dragon brought Toothless in, the black dragon wriggling in its grasp and springing to his feet as soon as he hit the ground.

"Toothless!" Hiccup ran over and ran his hands over Toothless, checking for any injuries. "Are you okay?" Toothless nuzzled into him, practically knocking Hiccup over.

The figure took a few steps forward, attracting both Hiccup and Toothless's attention. Toothless growled, back arching, while Hiccup backed away slightly, his panic increasing as the blue-armored stranger used a trick on Toothless that sent him to the ground. They

came closer, placing a hand on Hiccup's cheek as he leaned away.

The figure removed its hand and took a step away. "Hiccup?"

Hiccup stared. "Do I...know you?"

The figure removed their helmet. It was a woman, with a narrow face and green eyes. "No..." she said softly. "You were only a babe." She met his gaze. "But a mother never forgets."

\* \* \*

><p><em>1991 AD, August<br>\_

McGonagall, Dumbledore, and the other three Heads of House [who had asked to come] watched as the quill which wrote out addresses for Hogwarts letter dipped itself in ink and began to scrawl out Harry Potter's name. What better way to discover his location? McGonagall, of course, would go to deliver it.

As soon as the name was written out, however, the quill paused for a long while and then drew a line through it.

"What?" said Professor Sprout in astonishment.

"He must have changed it," murmured McGonagall, quickly replacing the envelope and watching as the quill wrote out a long and quite ridiculous name - \_Hiccup Horrendous Haddock II\_.

"What sort of name is that?" asked Professor Snape contemptuously. Dumbledore shushed him, though he was rather curious himself.

The address that the quill wrote out, after pausing for more than ten minutes as if struggling to discover it, was equally strange.

\_Chief's House\_

\_Berk\_

\_Northern Seas\_

"What kind of place is named Berk?" Professor Flitwick asked, wondering whether someone wasn't trying to stop themselves laughing.

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<em>

"You're my \_mother\_?"

Hiccup scrambled through the crystalline passages after his mother, who he remembered Stoick calling Valka. "Where have you been? Everyone thought you were eaten by-" He stopped short, stepping through the gap in awe at the huge cavern he found himself in.

There were dragons everywhere, flying around a central pillar or resting on moss-covered ledges. Valka was perched with the four-winged dragon from earlier, who looked like she was smiling.

"Do-do you like it?" She asked eagerly.

"Wow," Hiccup breathed. "This is where you've been?"

"Yes," said Valka, lowering herself down by hooking her spear over the claw on her dragon's wing. The dragon carefully lowered her, letting Valka stand on the ledge. "I really am sorry, Hiccup." she said softly. "I didn't think - I thought it would be better if I stayed here, away from all that nonsense on Berk." She looked at Toothless with a smile. "When all this time it seems you took after me."

"Yeah..." Hiccup was still in awe. "This is amazing!"

Valka smiled. "It is. And look at him!" She went over to Toothless, who had his mouth open and was grinning in his dragon way. "A Night Fury! I've never seen one before - he very well may be the last of his kind. And look!" Toothless had flipped over under her generous petting, and Valka touched the small, scaley horns on the underside of his head. "He's your age! No wonder you get along so well."

"Really?" Hiccup grinned, the new information tucking itself away in his head. Something else was nagging at him, though. "How did you get here?"

As Valka explained what had happened, when Hiccup was only a child, Hiccup felt like bursting with happiness. His mom was alive! And she was just like him!

"But how'd you escape?" He asked when Valka told him about the dragon carrying her away.

"Oh, Cloudjumper never mean to harm me," she said kindly, petting the quadruwinged dragon. "I suppose she thought I belonged here, in the home of the Alpha." She led Hiccup to the edge, where they could see a huge, horned white dragon in the water.

"Each nest has its queen, but this is the king of all dragons," Valka told Hiccup, grinning. "He created this place for us, a safe haven for dragons to live in peace."

The alpha breathed a frosty breath over Hiccup, making him shake out frost from his hair. Valka laughed. "He likes you."

Hiccup grinned. "If only there was someplace like this we could get Drago to see. Then we'd change his mind!"

"Drago?" Valka shook her head. "His mind cannot be changed. Have you seen what he will do?" When she saw Hiccup's blank look, she knelt next to a blue dragon that was perched next to them. "This poor boy lost a leg to one of Drago's traps," she said, gesturing to a healed-over stump, "And she lost part of her wing to another. And this Fantail lost her sight and was left in the woods to die." Valka knelt on the ground, stroking Toothless's tail and noticing the bright red fin. "And who did this? Another one of Drago's traps?"

Hiccup laughed nervously. "Um - heh, you know, that was actually me who shot him down." He rubbed his head. "But, no worries, we've made

up. Toothless even got even, didn't you? Just couldn't save all of me, so-" Hiccup held out his fake leg. "Tada!"

Valka seemed unsure how to react to that, and Hiccup seemed to pick up on it, putting his leg down and looking away awkwardly.

"Are you hungry?" Valka offered, trying to make conversation with the son she hadn't seen in twenty years. "It's almost dinnertime."

Hiccup smiled and followed her out.

\* \* \*

><p>"I thought you said we were having dinner?" Hiccup had to shout the question, as he and his mother were flying high as the other dragons followed them out, all circling in chilly air over open water.<p>

"Yes, we are!" Valka grinned and pun her staff, the bone on the end rattling with the metal decorations. The alpha burst out of the water underneath them, flinging hundreds of fish into the air as Hiccup gaped in amazement. Valka laughed at his expression, and Toothless looked back at Hiccup, wordlessly asking permission to get some.

"Go ahead, bud," and Toothless dove fast, snatching fish out of the air as they fell until he had a mouthful. He gulped them down, swooping up to stay level with Cloudjumper.

They soared for a while, and Valka showed Hiccup a place where warm drafts blew up from the sea constantly, letting dragons float effortlessly hundreds of feet off the ground.

Hiccup watched as his mother swung off Cloudjumper, balancing on another dragon's wing and walking across the stretched out membrane onto its back and across the other wing. She proceeded like this across a whole line of them, getting nearer to Hiccup, spinning and gracefully stepping across Toothless and off into open air, where she rose up again on Cloudjumper.

"This is what it is to be a dragon," she said, stretching her arms and closing her eyes as they soared through the skies. "Times like this I don't even feel the cold."

"Yeah," Hiccup grinned at the thought of showing off his suit. "But can you fly?" Locking Toothless's tail in place, Hiccup grabbed the loops on the wings of his suit and jumped off, flipping around in midair to see his mother's astonished face as he flew beneath them.

Hiccup laughed as he flipped back around, which turned into a yell as he saw himself heading for a small glacier. "Toothless!" The dragon shot towards him and they ended up in a pile in the snow, Toothless panicking when he couldn't see Hiccup.

"Ah!" Hiccup pulled himself out from under the pile with a gasp as Valka landed, hurrying over. She ran her hands over his suit in amazement. "This is wonderful, Hiccup!" She said, laughing. "Did you make this?"



"Uh, yeah, I thought it turned out pretty well."

"It's amazing!"

"Thanks." Hiccup turned to look at her, and saw his mother petting Toothless.

"He's such an amazing dragon, you know," she said. "And they say the best dragons always have their secrets..." she poked hard at a point at the base of Toothless's neck, making the triangular horns along his back poke up higher and split into two. Toothless jumped, then ran around and looked at Hiccup with an expression of what could only be called absolute exuberance, making the double fins clap together.

"Now he can make those tight turns," said Valka with a smile, and as she and Hiccup looked at each other there was a bit of a jolt as they both realized that they were properly interacting for the first time in twenty years.

Valka looked sad, as if she'd remembered a horrible thought. "Hiccup...I know I've stayed away all this time, but...can we start over?" When he didn't answer, she cupped his cheek. "Could you give me a second chance?"

Hiccup looked up at his mother and smiled.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1992 AD, February<br>\_

There had been a huge fallback last year when Harry Potter had not arrived for Hogwarts, and Dumbledore had not good explanation as to why not. The owl had refused to deliver the letter, and as Harry was obviously still alive [he would not have been on the list if he weren't] he must have been hiding behind strong wards, not unlike the ones around Potter Manor.

The trap last year had failed, as a couple of well-intended first years discovered the plot and went to confront him. They had nearly died, and in stopping Voldemort from killing them the spirit had escaped from Hogwarts.

This year looked to be no better, as some sort of artifact had been ripped out of the train via a window the moment it crossed the wards. Dumbledore had retrieved it later, and after examining it thoroughly was horrified to find that it was a Horcrux. He hid it and warded the location heavily, before asking Severus if he could procure some Basilisk venom. The Potions master had looked at him like he was insane, but had agreed.

The problem was, if there was one Horcrux, there were undoubtedly more, and Dumbledore had no idea where to find them.

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<em>

Hiccup had returned to the nest with his mother, and was resting with Toothless on the ledge when an arm reached out of the gap and seized

him, pulling him backwards and muffling any noises.

"Ssssh!" Stoick hissed, as Toothless snapped around and began to follow as he dragged Hiccup towards the exit.

"Dad?" Hiccup whispered. "How did you get here?"

"That's no matter," Stoick murmured, letting Gobber [who had come as well] lead the way out.

"Dad, you going to want to know-"

"There's no time, Hiccup."

"No I think you'd really like to know, this, because it's like life-or-death importance so-" Gobber had stopped dead at another gap into the dark room Hiccup had first arrived in, staring in shock into the room.

"Gobber?" Stoick questioned. Gobber turned around and walked back towards the and past Stoick.

"I think you're going to want to handle this one," he said, eyes still wide as he stumbled past, his leg no help.

Stoick firmly grabbed his sword and stomped into the cavern, ignoring Hiccup's advice of "Wait-no don't take your sword..."

And he stopped dead as soon as he saw who was in that cavern.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup and Gobber were resting against a stone ledge, watching as Valka and Stoick awkwardly helped each other cook some fish for dinner.<p>

"This is just as bad as when they first met," muttered Gobber, watching Stoick fiddle with his beard as soon as Valka turned her back.

They two had made up for the most part in the cavern, but there was still twenty years of being apart from each other to deal with. Stoick, however, had an idea.

He began to whistle, a simple tune which repeated itself, but both Gobber and Valka seemed to recognize the tune, making Hiccup feel a bit left out.

Stoick wandered purposefully over to Valka as he whistled, slowly taking the water jar out of her hands and placing it on a nearby rock. He began to sing in earnest;

\_ "I'll swim and sail on savage seas, \_

\_ With ne'er a fear of drowning, \_

\_ And gladly ride the waves of life \_

\_ If you will marry me. " \_

Valka seemed quiet, but no protest was forthcoming so Stoick continued.

\_"No scorching sun, nor freezing cold,\_"

\_"Will-\_"

"Will stop me on my journey-sorry," Gobber had interrupted, but now looked quite abashed as Stoick shot him a glare before continuing.

\_"If you will promise me your heart,\_"

\_"And love..."\_ Stoick trailed off, but Valka did not continue, and so he almost turned away before the next lines of the song were sung.

"And love me for eternity," Valka turned around and walked to the other end of the cave, continuing the song.

"My dearest one, my darling dear, your mighty words astound me. But I've no need of mighty deeds when I feel you arms around me," she smiled as Stoick laughed, striding over as the both sang, dancing and laughing together for the first time in twenty years.

"But I will bring you rings of gold, and even sing you poetry, And I would keep you from all harm! If you would stay beside me,"

Valka picked up where he left off. "I have no use for rings of gold, I care not for your poetry, I only want your hand to hold,"

"I only want you near me," Stoick joined in as Valka sang, spinning her around as Hiccup and Gobber watched.

"To love and kiss, to sweetly hold, for the dancing and the dreaming! Through all my sorrows and all nights I'll keep your love inside me. I'll swim and sail on savage seas, with ne'er a fear of drowning, and gladly ride the waves of life, if you will marry me!"

Gobber applauded as they finished, Stoick lifting Valka high into the air and all four of them grinning from ear to ear. It was the kind of moment that couldn't possibly go wrong.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1993 AD, November<br>\_

Dumbledore was busy making arrangements for the upcoming school year. What with the escape of Sirius Black from Azkaban, extra precautions had to be taken. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to remove the Dementors, so he'd also have to do his best to make sure no students were harmed.

Fortunately the year before last had been without incident, and with the exception of the Philosopher's Stone fiasco the last couple of years had been rather peaceful. It made him wonder why Harry Potter was still in hiding. Perhaps the lad had no way of getting home? Maybe he \_had \_time-traveled, and was either already dead or so far in the future Hogwarts was already gone.

Either way, it didn't reflect well on Dumbledore that he had lost the Boy-Who-Lived.

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<em>

Drago was a far more formidable enemy than Hiccup had anticipated. The army he'd massed was huge, spreading over nearly the entire shoreline. Hiccup flew over them, scouting out what to beware and where its weakest points were.

"Hiccup!" Astrid flew up to him on Stormfly. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, you know," Hiccup shrugged and tried [badly] not to smile. "Reconnecting with mom." He nodded towards where Valka was rising on the back of Cloudjumper, blue armor donned again.

"That's your \_mother\_?"

"Well, now you know where I get my dramatic flair." The alpha burst from the ice behind her, splintering the side of the nest and roaring loudly. Valka landed in front of Drago, engaging him and keeping him busy while Hiccup sent a fire spell along the boats Drago had brought, splintering masts and sending most of the men overboard.

"We'll show them, huh Toothless?" Toothless roared in agreement, sending a violent blast to impact and fizzle out on the water where something bubbled underneath. Stoick swooped by where Valka was pinned and hurled Drago off, pulling Valka to her feet and spinning his warhammer threateningly.

"You will never take our dragons!" Valka yelled as Drago blocked a blow from Stoick. The fierce man chuckled, swinging his staff.

"The it's a good thing I brought a challenger," he said in a rough, low voice, and turned towards the water. He spun his staff again, screaming in a rough dragonish cry. Another alpha pulled itself from the water, hauling itself onto the beach and crushing boats and people alike, mostly Drago's, though he didn't seem to care. The first alpha saw the second, and they charged at each other, locking themselves into a fight to the death.

"Toothless, go!" Toothless blasted Drago's alpha, but it only served to irritate the beast and distract it temporarily. The dragons Drago had managed to capture had all escaped by now, and were wreaking havoc among the men inexperienced to deal with them, as only a few were trusted with the blow-guns which could knock out even a Monstrous Nightmare.

While that was all well and good, it wasn't all good news. The first alpha, the one who ruled the nest, was loosing, and neither Valka nor Hiccup could stop the fight. Half of the dragons that were actually fighting were controlled by the second alpha, and fighting against the ones from the nest or one of the riders. The ground-bound fighters had anti-dragon weapons, nets and bolases launched from catapults, huge metal flyswatters that could smack a dragon out of the air and trap him against the ground.

"We need to get rid of the one that Drago brought!" shouted Hiccup. He saw now what Drago was, a madman who would stop at nothing to get what he wanted. All these men, all this trouble for one nest of dragons...it made no sense. Only a madman could have thought of it. Hiccup had tried to talk to him, but his father had snatched him off of Toothless and forced him to swear on Helheim that he wouldn't. Even Hiccup didn't dare break a promise like that.

Toothless growled, gathering up energy for another shot. The blast nearly exploded, a purple beam striking the second alpha square in the back and making it roar in displeasure, turning to glare at the black dragon and his rider.

Hiccup wasn't quick enough to avoid the sudden blast of icy air, which froze around them, Toothless quickly curling around him.

"No!" Valka dropped her spear and ran over, pounding at the ice. Drago smirked, sensing a victory.

Neither of them noticed the blue glow from inside it at first, and when they did Stoick had to snatch Valka away before the huge shard of ice exploded, distracting the alphas from their fight and rubble from it landing on some of the land-bound army.

Toothless was glowing bright blue, along his spine and tail and from the inside of his nostrils, panting heavily as Hiccup looked at him in shock. Both were relatively unharmed, but the battle had been brought to a screeching halt as everyone stared at the two who had so casually defied death.

Hiccup swung back onto the saddle, Toothless immediately taking flight. They circled around the second alpha, trying to lead him away from the nest's alpha.

"No!" Drago screamed. "Fight! Command them!" But Toothless had accepted the rule of the nest's alpha, and the one Drago had brought could do nothing.

Drago scrambled up the tail of his alpha and onto its back, sliding down to rest just above its eyes. "You think you can defeat me?" He screamed, only to suddenly dive as a stream of fire came straight at him, Astrid soaring past.

The six of them - all five of Hiccup's friends from Berk - kept up a constant barrage against the alpha and Drago, Valka and Stoick and Gobber joining in.

"I am invincible!" screamed Drago, right before another one of Toothless's supercharged blasts hit the alpha's tusk and cut it off.

The alpha roared in horror, and looked almost scared. It took one look at Toothless, who was already preparing another, and dove back into the ocean, taking Drago with it.

A cheer rose up from the other riders, as Toothless sat smugly on a broken-off shard of ice. The first alpha was sitting quietly, regarding Toothless with what seemed to be a thoughtful look, and it turned around and retreated inside to the nest. Toothless, if

possible, sat even taller and more proudly.

"Hiccup!" Valka landed almost on top of the smaller black dragon and rushed to hug her son tightly, not yet having recovered from the scare of him being frozen. "Don't ever do that again!"

"I'll try," said Hiccup, his voice slightly muffled.

Stoick joined the group, the family of three ignoring their surroundings. If they had been paying attention, however, they would see Drago's army being thoroughly routed, most of them being driven into the sea or onto tiny rafts scavenged from bits of the burned ships. The dragons perched on the ice spears of their nest, watching the bedraggled retreat with smug faces.

The battle was won.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1994 AD, October<br>\_

"Now-" Dumbledore beamed at the students at the tables around him. "Now that we have our three champions, the first task-" a gasp from the gathered audience interrupted him, and Dumbledore turned to see the Goblet burning red one final time, the flames arcing high and a slip of paper drifting down.

Dumbledore snatched it out of the air and looked at the name in shock. Not only a fourth champion, but this person? How could this be? The other Headmasters were looking at each other, wondering what had happened, and students were whispering back and forth. The officials drew closer, trying to see what was on the paper that had come out. Behind them, the Goblet burned low and went out, not to be reignited until the next Tournament.

"Dumbledore?" McGonagall asked, and he swallowed heavily before reading out the name.

"Harry Potter."

The hall exploded into chaos.

## 5. Chapter 4 - Welcome to Hogwarts

**\*\*Hello and thank you to those who reviewed! My incentive to write has been built up and my muse has returned for another good long round of writing, so let's hope this chapter lives up to your expectations [and there were quite a lot of ideas left for me on how Hiccup could go about getting to Hogwarts!]. I think I've executed the time-travel as well as I could, without it being too far-fetched. In any case, I hope none of you minded the spoilers and enjoyed the last chapter. I'll do my best for this one!\*\***

**\*\*I've finally decided to let you guys have Hogwarts in this chapter, but because we're past both of the httyd movies at this point, this chapter probably won't be as long. Still, I'll do my best to write a nice long chapter for you guys.**  
><strong>

**\*\*A NOTE:** Something seems to have gone wrong, and I've rewritten the second bit of the wand-weighting ceremony. Either I forgot to save or it didn't load properly, but it'll be up now.\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or Harry Potter. I wish I did because that would make me really rich. But I don't.

><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Welcome all of you to Hogwarts,<em>

\_I welcome all of you to school, \_

\_Welcome, welcome, welcome Hogwarts, \_

\_We've got a hidden swimming pool." \_

\_ \_Dumbledore, a Very Potter Musical

\* \* \*

><p><em>1994, October, later on the night of the Champion's selection<br>\_

Leaving behind the chaotic Great Hall and letting the other teachers calm the students and return them to their dorms, Dumbledore entered his office through the door above the spiral staircase, intent on solving the mystery of the fourth champion. But whatever Fates or gods that guarded the magical world and its inhabitants were intent on giving him as little rest that night as possible.

"How has Harry Potter been entered in the competition?" Madame Maxine demanded as she swept into Dumbledore's office, Karkaroff following close behind.

"Indeed," he growled. "I was under the impression that he was not attending this school."

"He is not." Dumbledore sat down wearily at his desk. "I feel I am just as much at a loss as you are."

The occupants of the office [which consisted of the judges, McGonagall, and the headmasters and headmistress of the three competing schools] were temporarily struck silent at this admission. Dumbledore was regarded as one of the greatest wizards since Merlin himself - if he was in the dark about something, it was unlikely that anyone could discover the truth.

"What are we to do, then?" McGonagall demanded. "Unless we can somehow conjure up Harry Potter, the Tournament cannot proceed!"

"If we cannot 'conjure up' Harry Potter," said Barty Crouch darkly, "The Goblet will find some way to bring him here. Mr. Potter has been entered in a dangerous competition, and the binding contract which will have been established will find some way to fulfill itself. We cannot know when, or how, but it will happen."

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD<em>

The sky was absolutely clear, and as five dragons launched themselves off of Berk no one commented, for weather this nice was rare of Berk, and practically everyone was out on their dragons and enjoying the sun.

The five dragons in question were some of the most popular on Berk, being some of the first to actually risk riding dragons. Hiccup of course was one of them, on Toothless, with Astrid right behind him on Stormfly, Fishlegs on Meatlug, Snotlout on Hookfang, and the twins on Barf and Belch.

Hiccup banked to the right sharply as soon as they got into the open air, Toothless enjoying the use of his new back spikes. Berk was already fading behind them, such was the speed that dragons could fly at. Toothless of course was the fastest of all of them, able to create a whistling sound of air rushing past him at full speed, but Hiccup didn't go full speed when riding with friends. It would be a bit mean to show off and leave them all behind, and besides it tired out Toothless very quickly.

Toothless made a rumbling noise very like a purr, except no one called it that as none of the Vikings on Berk owned cats. Or dogs, for that matter. And if they had, they would probably not be pets but food. Hiccup patted him, enjoying the flight just as much as the dragon carrying him.

His companions, however, had notoriously short tempers as well as a small amount of patience, and they quickly grew bored with flying nowhere over the sea, even on such a good day as it was.

"Where are we going?" Snotlout egged Hookfang on so that he was flying just above Hiccup, and shouted the question down from his position in the saddle.

"I don't know!" Hiccup shouted back. "You did say you wanted to explore with me, you know! That means actually exploring!"

Not looking very pleased with the news, Snotlout fell back in between Fishlegs and Astrid, the former of which looked annoyed at being forced backwards.

Hookfang's tail swayed in the air, nearly hitting Meatlug and Fishlegs what with their proximity to the larger dragon.

"Hey, watch out! You nearly hit Meatlug!" He shouted.

"Sorry! Maybe you should get a better dragon then," Snotlout sneered, then ducked as the twins flew past him, releasing a small amount of green smoke.

"Lighten up!"

"It's not like it matters."

"We're gonna rule wherever we're going!" Ruffnut cheered, Barf rising higher than the other head.



"Ha, like you could rule anything."

"Everyone knows girl twins are smarter than boy twins, I could do a better job than you could!"

"That's not true!" Ruffnut and Tuffnut navigated closer to each other, practically [and sometimes literally] spitting insults into each other's faces.

"Calm down, you guys," Hiccup rolled his eyes. They could be so temperamental!

Astrid flew closer to Hiccup, angling Stormfly so that she and Toothless flew right next to each other without bumping wings. "Why did you say that they could come?"

"I was just trying to get off of Berk," Hiccup admitted. "Mom and Dad were being all nice and lovey to each other and I needed to get out of the house."

Astrid winced in sympathy. "Oh. Yeah, my parents do that sometimes. It's gross."

"Tell me about it," Hiccup muttered.

"I thought you'd be glad to have your mom back?"

"Not when she's being like that!"

"True." Astrid spotted a dark shape rising out of the sea in front of them. "That thing looks like an island. Been there yet?"

"Yes. Course I have. We're only a little while away from Berk."

"Let's rest there anyways. I could do with a break from this constant arguing." Behind them, a midair fight had nearly broken out, Snotlout and Fishlegs shouting insults while Ruffnut and Tuffnut smacked at each other with their hands.

"Guys!" Hiccup turned around. "ENOUGH!" They swung around to look at him. "We're going to land on that island up there," he shouted, pointing so that they knew which one he was talking about. "I think it's time for--"

"HICCUP!" Stormfly barreled into Toothless, knocking both dragons and their riders away from a huge wave that had arced out of the water that would have knocked them out of the sky.

"Odin's beard!" The four behind them scrambled to a stop, flying over or around the wave.

"Where did that come from?" Snotlout shouted.

"It's not a dragon!" Fishlegs informed them. "But it's definitely not natural!"

"Yeah, I figured that out for myself!" Hiccup sped straight up, Toothless flipping around midair and both of them looking down as the wave crashed back into the ocean. "What could have caused it?"

"What about your...you know, stuff?" Ruffnut suggested. The subject of Hiccup's magic was one most of the Vikings usually avoided.

Hiccup shook his head. "I definitely didn't do it, and the only other one who could is the Elder back on Berk. And she's not powerful enough to have raised a wave this far away."

"Guys," Fishlegs said cautiously as the water started stirring itself again, but no one was listening.

"Maybe someone from the south," Hiccup was murmuring, lost in thought. The twins were arguing again. Astrid and Snotlout were listening to Hiccup. "They could have come up north and made this, but I can't think of why they'd want to drown us.."

"Guys?"

"Of course, it could have been the dragons that made them panic.."

"Guys!" Meatlug shot fire into the center of the circle they had unconsciously created, startling everyone into looking up at Fishlegs.

"What was that for?" Snotlout asked irritably. Fishlegs pointed towards the water.

Everyone looked down and their eyes widened.

"Move!" Hiccup yelled, and they all scattered as another wave rose and curled over where they just were, smashing down on the water again. Multiple ones rose, swiftly traveling and several converging on the black dragon and his rider.

"They're after Hiccup!" Astrid dove under and through one, successfully tricking whatever was controlling the waves into thinking that it had caught a dragon and smashing down. "Distract them!"

"How?" Tuffnut yelled. "It's \_water\_!"

"Think of something!" Astrid was honestly scared. What sort of powerful magic user could do something like this? It was as though the gods themselves had dedicated themselves to drowning them.

Hiccup went as high as he could without leaving his friends behind, hoping it would put him out of reach. No such luck. It began to rain heavily, forcing him back down towards the water, and even more waves emerged, creating a watery aerial maze that the five dragons barely maneuvered through.

"What is going on!" Snotlout yelled as he dodged one wave. "It's like these things are alive!"

Hiccup didn't respond, too busy fighting his way out from a wave that had nearly submerged him and Toothless. The waves were only getting bigger, and all five of them were soaked. Even a Monstrous Nightmare

wouldn't have been able to light a fire in this kind of weather.

And it had been so nice a moment ago.

Waves swirled around each other even more fiercely just below Hiccup, and a dark hole seemed to open up, water falling in and yet the waves around them were unaffected by the loss, managing to grow even bigger. Toothless gave one desperate surge upward, but the tip of a wave caught his tail and the fin nearly tore, the bindings coming lose. Toothless gave a frightened roar as he and Hiccup began to fall towards the hole, flapping his wings uselessly.

"Hiccup!" Astrid darted over him, Stormfly reaching to try and grab the pair before they fell, but she began to fall as well, the hole exerting some sort of magnetic force on them.

Snotlout dived low, but the same thing happened to him, Hookfang screeching in alarm as his wings failed him. Fishlegs and the twins circled above it, none of them wanting to risk going closer, but there was no other option. Hiccup had already fallen in, and Astrid was nearly gone as well.

"Go!" Ruff and Tuff dived, going under the other three in an insane attempt to carry them, but only ended up in the hole themselves. Fishlegs looked visibly nervous, then steeled his courage and screamed all the way down as he directed Meatlug into a dive. He made it past just as the hole closed all the way, as it had started to as soon as Hiccup fell into it.

He could have sworn, for a moment, that he saw fire ringing the bottom.

\* \* \*

><p>"What is going on?" Stoick demanded, pointing towards the tiny but torrential storm visible a couple miles off Berk. "That is not natural!"<p>

The Elder shook her head, pointing insistently towards where a blurred horizon line showed rain pouring down.

"You want us to go out there?" Stoick seemed puzzled when the Elder nodded. "Alright, I suppose - where's Hiccup? I want him to come with me."

The people around him looked around, muttering and shaking heads and shrugging.

"I think he went out on Toothless," someone said.

Stoick looked out towards the storm in horror. "He's not..."

The Elder nodded sadly.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1994 - a few days after the previous scene<em>

The hole which opened in the middle of the Forbidden Forest went unnoticed by anyone save maybe a forest spirit brave enough to

venture this deep, which was both fortunate and unfortunate at the same time. It was fortunate because the people and dragons who came hurtling through it went unnoticed for some time, but that also was why it was unfortunate, because this deep in the Forbidden Forest there were all sorts of Dark creatures who wouldn't hesitate to try and have them for a snack.

Toothless groaned low in his throat and rolled over, allowing Hiccup [who was still tied to the saddle] to sit up properly and take a look around. The other five and their dragons were laying haphazardly around the small clearing they found themselves in, a rapidly-shrinking hole the obvious answer to how they'd gotten there.

Hiccup unclipped himself from his saddle and stood up, nearly falling over before remembering to flip his metal leg around so he could walk properly. "Is everyone alright?"

"I'm not," Tuffnut complained. "I am very hurt. I am very much hurt. I don't think I can walk."

"Suck it up." Ruffnut hit him with her helmet. Astrid sat up, running a hand over Stormfly to check for injuries.

"I'm fine," she said. "I think Stormfly is, too. What about Toothless?"

"It's just his tail," said Hiccup, kneeling down to tighten the prosthetic. "It came loose in the storm, but that's easy enough to fix." He pulled on the leather strap, reattaching the tail and fiddling with the pedal to make sure it worked. "There you go, Toothless."

"Where are we?" Snotlout was standing up, looking out into the forest around them. "I haven't seen a forest like this anywhere. It's super dark - look at how close the trees grow to each other."

Everyone looked at Hiccup, the resident explorer, who shook his head. "I don't know where we are either," he said. "If that hole was a portal or something, we could be anywhere. Or maybe even anywhen."

"You're saying we could be in the past?" Fishleg's eyes were wide.

"It's never been done before," Hiccup admitted, "But it's supposed to be possible under the right conditions. Maybe even into the future."

"Whoa," Snotlout seemed awed, but Astrid had bigger problems.

"If we have," she said angrily, "How are we supposed to get back to Berk? Even if we haven't gone through time, we have no idea where we are!"

They thought gave all of them pause, none of them wanting to contemplate never seeing Berk again.

"Don't be stupid," Snotlout scoffed, although there was a note of fear in his voice. "Of course we'll get home again."

"Yeah," Ruffnut and Tuffnut said at the same time, but strangely didn't argue about interrupting each other, and actually exchanged a glance that wasn't a glare but a worried one.

Fishlegs spoke up. "They'll have to know we're gone," he said bravely. "If we don't come back eventually, they'll go out looking for us. Elder will be able to tell what happened, right Hiccup?"

"Probably," said Hiccup, "But I don't know what she'll be able to do about it. There's no way she could make another one of those on her own."

"So we're stuck here?" said Astrid incredulously.

"I guess." Hiccup looked just as nervous as the rest of them - but being Vikings, they all quickly got up what courage they had.

"First we need to figure out where we are," said Hiccup, automatically defaulting to Leader in the absence of an actual chief. "Get out of this forest, and see if we can find a village or something. Let's hope we're somewhere that speaks Norse."

"And what if they don't?" asked Astrid, swinging onto Stormfly.

"Then we find somewhere that does," said Hiccup. "But first let's get out of this forest."

The forest was dishearteningly large. The five dragons broke through the tree canopy easily, but there was a forest of green all around them, like they were flying above a bunch of leafy clouds. The five of them circled over where they'd landed, shouting ideas and plans at each other.

"Which way do we go?" Hollered Fishlegs.

"Left!" "Right!" The twins spoke at the same time, then glared at each other and devolved into insults. The other four, well-practiced at ignoring the two, continued with the conversation.

"We can't know which way is to a village," yelled Astrid, "But there's something big and dark over there and we're far away enough, so it might be something."

"Should we bring the dragons with us?" Snotlout asked. "I mean, if we're going to have to stay for a while, we don't want to scare them off and make them try and attack us."

"We'll need them to get out of this forest!" Astrid pointed out.

"Alright!" Hiccup raised a hand. "We'll fly to the edge of the forest and go really high, see what this dark spot is, and if it is a village we'll find a place for the dragons to stay in the forest, someplace easy to get to. How does that sound."

There were several sounds of agreement, and Astrid hit Ruffnut to make her and Tuffnut stop fighting long enough to follow the

others.

They soared into the low clouds, hiding among the little bit of fog that had rolled in with the late afternoon - the sun was falling closer to the horizon, and the sky was stained yellow.

"Which way?" Hiccup shouted when they got high enough to stay out of sight. Astrid looked around, and pointed towards a spot near the edge of the lake they had only just noticed.

"That way!" She set off in front, Hiccup following her and leading the other three. He may have been the leader, but Astrid had the sharpest eyes among all of them, and undoubtedly knew where she was going better than they would.

As they drew closer, it became clear that what they were heading towards was not a village, and was much bigger than they had anticipated.

"Go higher!" Hiccup shouted as he saw towers which scraped the bottom of the fog. The dragons circle invisibly over the castle, their riders staring in awe.

"It's stone," Hiccup said in shock. "They built it out of stone. Why didn't we ever think of that?"

"Look," Astrid shouted, "There are people in there." There were a large group of people out by the lake, black dots moving over the expanse of green.

"Do you think they're friendly?" Fishlegs asked nervously.

"Let's hope so," Snotlout snorted. "Or else we're in trouble."

The flew back over the forest and touched down quickly, finding a decent hollow to leave the dragons in. Toothless whined with annoyance, reminded of the time he'd been earthbound.

"Yeah, I know," Hiccup rubbed his head. "But it's the best place for you to stay right now. We'll bring food, I promise." He turned to the other six, all of whom were preparing as if for some battle. "Guys. We're not fighting a war."

"We need to show them we dominate them," protested Snotlout, earning himself a whack on the head from Astrid.

"I'm just trying to be prepared," she said defensively.

Hiccup sighed. "We're trying to gain shelter from them, and you don't threaten people when you do that unless you outnumber them. Which we don't. They actually outnumber us. Put those away."

There were groans and complaints, but everyone sheathed their weapons and climbed out of the hollow after Hiccup, making their way to the edge of the forest.

There was a small hut at the edge, a few yards away, smoke drifting from the chimney and a man sitting on the steps carving something who dropped his knife when he saw them. "Bloody 'ell," he said in an astonished voice.

"Hi," Hiccup said awkwardly. "Look, we're in a bit of a tricky situation--"

"Harry?" The man interrupted him, staring at Hiccup in shock. He had a very strange accent.

Hiccup looked back at his friends with an expression that said \_what?\_ He turned back to the man. "No...? I think you must have confused me for someone else."

The man stood up, saying something else in a strange language. Fishlegs jumped and Ruffnut muttered "Beard of Thor," in astonishment because this man was even taller than Stoick, which they'd have all said was impossible.

"Look," Hiccup said. "We're just trying to find a place to stay, since we got into some trouble, and we were kind of hoping someone here could help us out." He looked up at the giant looming over them and leaned back a little to gain some personal space. "Maybe? If it's not too much to ask?"

The giant regarded them with an unreadable expression, as Stoick often did. It was probably the beard. He said something else, beckoning for them to follow.

Shrugging, Hiccup followed as he led them across the lawn and to the enormous wooden double doors of the even bigger stone castle.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1110 AD<em>

Stoick flew out to sea, with Valka and two others behind him. The freak storm was already dying down, and as the four soared over the water Stoick noticed something floating on the water. He circled down, snatching the thing out of the water as he passed.

It was Fishlegs's helmet.

He flew back up to the others, showing them what he'd found in shock. Valka gasped, and the other two exchanged a nervous glance.

"Find him," Stoick ordered his dragon, holding out the helmet for him to sniff. Skullcrusher had never failed to find anyone, but now he trailed the scent up and down sharply again...towards the water, where he hovered. It ended at the water.

If Fishlegs had drowned, Hiccup and the others would have never left him behind...which meant something had happened to them to. The storm had attracted the Elder's attention, which had to mean that something like Loki's blessing was at work here.

And Stoick was nothing if not stubborn. He would find the truth of what had happened here.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1994, the same day as earlier<em>

Hiccup and his friends gaped at the inside of the castle. Whatever they had expected, it hadn't extended to moving pictures so detailed they looked like real people, much less metal suits shaped like people that moved on their own, or hundreds of kids in black walking around, and often doing a double-take when they saw the six Vikings following the giant.

"Are you seeing this?" Astrid whispered to Hiccup, eyes focused on a painting of a woman who ducked out of her frame and into the next one, seemingly intent on following them. The pictures were everywhere, spread over stone walls.

"I'm seeing it," said Hiccup as he tripped over the staircase that suddenly decided to move under their feet. This place was ridiculous. "Still working on believing." Why did they need to many stairs? It was hard enough walking around with a fake leg on solid ground.

"How did they managed to build it so high, do you think? I would think that the stone would be so heavy it'd fall down and break the floors." Astrid asked, pointing out the fact that the floor was stone as well - in fact, the only wooden part of the architecture was the doors that were everywhere, leading off into other rooms or new hallways.

"Loki's blessing?" Snotlout suggested from behind them. He looked awkward mentioning it. "There's no way the stairs or those pictures would move otherwise. This place must be full of it."

"Makes sense." Hiccup tried to ignore the whispers that sprang up around them, but it wasn't as if they were trying to be quiet. He was relieved when they were lead into an emptier hallway with a dead end that held a stone monster on a pillar. The man walked up to it fearlessly, the six behind him a bit more wary, wondering if that was going to come alive as well.

The giant told the statue something, and Hiccup was wondering what the nonsense word meant when the monster sprang aside to reveal a spiral staircase leading up somewhere unseen. He said something in a reassuring tone to the six, who were staring at the stairs warily and had all sprung for their weapons when the statue moved. He stepped onto the stairs themselves, as if to demonstrate that they were safe.

Carefully, Astrid stepped on, followed by Hiccup and the other four. There was no lack of space, for as soon as the giant had stepped on the stairs had started turning, carrying him up. It was a short journey, which ended as soon as a door came into view. They had barely completed one turn when it did.

The giant called out, knocking on the door.

A faint voice drifted back through. He replied to whatever they had said, and the voice replied again in a resigned manner.

Hagrid opened the door.

The room it lead to was circular and full of all sorts of strange things, not limited to an array of small, delicate-looking silver instruments. There were four people inside, seated in chairs in a half-circle in front of a desk at which a very peculiar man sat. He



had a long white beard and was wearing very strange robes. They all leaped to their feet as soon as Hiccup set foot inside the room.

One of them cried out, a short woman with stained clothing and flyaway hair. A man with a hooked nose and wearing all black stared at Hiccup, and Hiccup got the strangest feeling that the man already hated him.

They seemed no less surprised by the other five, and all six Vikings were standing awkwardly inside the office and staring around at the strange machines and \_even more \_paintings.

The man behind the desk stared at them, his expression hidden behind his beard. "Harry?" he asked, with the same accent that the giant had.

"Why do you keep calling me that?" Hiccup asked, looking at the shelf full of books out of the corner of his eye. He didn't know it was possible to have so many in one place. "I really think there's been a mistake."

The people in the room glanced at each other in surprise, and the eyebrows of the bearded man shot up. He drew a thin stick from a pocket inside his robe, and before Snotlout could laugh at him he flicked it at the group, sending a shock of cold through each of them.

They all flinched. "What was that?" Astrid said in disgust, shaking her arms out. "It felt like someone dumped water over me."

"Indeed," said the bearded man. "I must apologize, but it was necessary to understand each other."

They all stared at him now, wondering what he meant. "Er - what exactly did you do?" Hiccup asked slowly.

"Merely a translation charm," said the man, "as we appeared to speak different languages. But now we can understand each other perfectly, and so get down to business."

"What business?" Snotlout demanded.

"The business of Mr. Potter-"

"Who?" Astrid raised an eyebrow. " 'Potter'?" What a ridiculous name."

This seemed to give all of the adults pause. "Albus," said a grey-haired woman with a severe bun, "For Merlin's sake, think! The letter we tried to send gave a different name. Mr. Potter no longer goes by Potter."

"Okay, maybe we could clear this up if you told us who you were talking about," Hiccup suggested.

"You," sneered the hook-nosed man without preamble.

"Me?" Hiccup was surprised. "What - how do you know me, then? I don't remember ever calling myself Potter. Or using a fake name at all."

"It was the name your birth parents gave you," said the bearded man seriously. "Please, sit down, and we may introduce ourselves properly." He raised the stick again and conjured several chairs, which clattered to the floor.

"You have Loki's blessing too?" Fishlegs burst out before he could stop himself.

" 'Loki's blessing'?" the bearded man looked puzzled. "I'm not familiar with the term. Do you mean magic?"

"Yeah," Hiccup took a seat gingerly, the others following his example. This had the unintended effect of stretching his legs in front of him, the shorter woman giving a horrified gasp when she noticed his leg.

"How did that happen?" And now everyone else was looking too. Wonderful.

"Okay-" Hiccup raised a hand. "If you're going to freak out about it, please don't." The gray-haired professor was sending the bearded man a heavy glare, then switched her attention to Hiccup.

"Do you mind saying how you got it?" she asked politely.

"Accident," Hiccup said flatly. "Same way most people lose 'em." His tone made it clear he wasn't willing to talk about it.

"Let us return to the original topic of conversation," said Dumbledore, realizing this. "May I go so far as to guess you all possess magic?" He said, smiling.

"No," said Astrid. "Just Hiccup."

The shortest man, who only came up to just below Hiccup's shoulder, choked back something that sounded suspiciously like a laugh.

"Hiccup?"

The Vikings all pointed to Hiccup.

"Ah." Several of them looked to be either incredulous or trying not to laugh themselves. Dumbledore looked thoughtful. "Well, perhaps we should introduce ourselves?" The bearded man suggested. "My name is Albus Dumbledore. I am-" he said a strange word. "-Of this school."

"What of the school?" Ruffnut made as to knock something out of her ear. "You just said a nonsense word."

"Head-mas-ter." He enunciated clearly. "It means I am in charge of things here."

"Oh, so you're the Chief." Tuffnut leaned back in his chair, the matter cleared up.

"Er-" It was clear that this threw Dumbledore off a bit. "Yes, I suppose." He leaned forward. "And what are your names, if I may ask?"

Hiccup sighed. He hated introducing himself. "Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. Don't say it," he said miserably. "I know it's bad. A bad name's supposed to scare off gnomes and trolls."

Astrid rolled her eyes and hit his arm. "Stop being so dramatic about it. I'm Astrid Hofferson," she added.

"Snotlout."

"Fishlegs."

"Ruff-" "Tuffnut!" "Don't talk over me!" The twins fell off their chairs into an impromptu wrestling match.

"That's the twins," Hiccup said, wincing as he heard them land blows, "Ruffnut and Tuffnut. They're usually like this, unfortunately."

The adults seemed to be in shock. Astrid dragged the twins apart and sat them back in their chairs. "Behave," she threatened, running a finger along her axe.

"Ms. Hofferson!" the old woman seemed to be in shock. "There is no call for threats-"

"There is when it comes to them-" Astrid jerked her thumb at the twins. "How else are we supposed to get them to stop fighting?"

"Enough," Dumbledore spoke, and turned to the six of them. "This is Professor McGonagall, who aids me in my duties. That is Professor Snape-" Hook-nose sneered again. "-Professor Flitwick-" the short one waved. "-And Professor Sprout. You, of course, have met Hagrid." the giant grinned at them through his beard.

"Okay," said Hiccup. "Maybe I should explain why we're here."

"Oh, I believe I may know," said Dumbledore knowledgeably. He smiled at their confusion, and began to explain the whole incident with the Goblet of Fire.

"So you see," he finished, "As soon as I saw your friend Hiccup, there could be no mistake that he was Lily's child. You share her eyes, my boy. But the Goblet has found a way of bringing you here, and the contract dictates that you must compete before returning to your home."

"Well, that's just great." Hiccup huffed.

"I am sure we can return you easily," Dumbledore reassured him. "Where do you live, though?"

"Berk," said Hiccup. "It's an island. Twelve days north of Hopeless, a few degrees south of Freezing To Death, located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. It's probably much farther north than here."

Several of them looked disturbed by Hiccup's geographic coordinates, but he couldn't imagine why. Hadn't they ever heard of those islands? Plenty of people lived in Hopeless.

"Well-" Dumbledore gave a little cough. "I don't believe I've ever heard of...Berk."

"Really?" Hiccup and Astrid shared a glance. "I thought we were getting pretty well known."

"Maybe it's just among other Viking clans," put in Snotlout.

"I'm sorry," said Professor McGonagall. "Did you just say \_Vikings\_?"

\* \* \*

><p>Once they had sorted through the whole Vikings mess ["Well, that complicates things a bit."] and Hiccup had gotten across that no, he did not need to take magic lessons ["What in Helheim is Tran - transflagration?"] the group of six had been directed to a bunch of now-unused guest dorms, since they didn't plan on getting Sorted or staying longer than it took to complete the final task. Hiccup had been informed that, as he had to compete, the first task would be in November. Hiccup wasn't entirely sure when that was [Vikings didn't really pay attention to the time of year other than 'winter' and 'springsummer'] but accepted it and only took the time to ask where the kitchens were.

'Tickle the pear in the painting in the lower halls near the Hufflepuff dorms' didn't really help, but he supposed he'd figure it out eventually.

The students seemed unusually interested in Hiccup, but Dumbledore had caught him alone and explained what had happened to his 'birth parents'. He seemed surprised when Hiccup wasn't upset, but it wasn't that sad - Hiccup had parents, and despite being originally Lily Potter's son he'd never met the woman and had really no inclination to be sorry over her death.

He had always wondered where the little scar on his forehead came from, though.

They had been given more appropriate clothes to wear, but no one liked the robes and Hiccup was in his suit when a couple people with red lining on their robes [were they rich?] approached him by the lake.

The only looked up when he heard someone clear their throat - Hiccup had been sketching in the notebook he'd brought, trying to recreate the map in smaller detail.

"Yes?" He looked at them, wondering why they had come over.

"Are you really Harry Potter?" The redhead burst out, his brunette companion directing a sharp gaze at him while also looking quite curious.

"I guess," Hiccup shrugged. "I've never gone by the name, but apparently I am."

"So you didn't know who you were?" The brunette questioned.

"I know who I am," said Hiccup, irritated with the assumption. "I just didn't know I was also Harry whatever."

She looked somewhat abashed. "Sorry - it's just, you know you were very important to the Wizarding world - people have been wondering where you've been for ages."

"I heard," Hiccup got to his feet, wincing as the prosthetic jarred. It squeaked loudly, and the brunette gave a little shriek when she noticed it.

"What on earth happened to your leg?" she said shakily. Hiccup looked down.

"Oh - I was in a bit of an accident, it's nothing."

"Couldn't you have regrown it?' The redhead seemed oddly fascinated with the metal limb.

"Regrown it?" Hiccup asked, not understanding. "You can regrow legs here? That's pretty impressive."

The redhead gaped at him in shock, and Hiccup felt the need to change the subject. "So what are your names?" He said, offering his hand. "I know everyone probably calls me Harry, but I'm Hiccup."

Glaring at Redhead, who quickly stopped sniggering, Brunette shook his hand. "I'm Hermione," she told Hiccup, "And this is Ron. We're both in Gryffindor."

"What?"

"It's one of the houses," explained Ron. Hiccup glanced up at the school.

"That doesn't look like a house to me," he said. Before either of them could elaborate, Astrid came running up.

"Hey," she said breathlessly, glancing over Ron and Hermione. "Who are you?"

"They're Ron and Hermio-" Hiccup fumbled the name, and Hermione quickly introduced herself. Astrid frowned.

"Okay, I'll forgive you not remembering that one. Come on, let's go inside." Astrid dragged Hiccup away. "Toothless was disappointed you didn't come when we brought food," she whispered. They had decided to keep dragons a secret, after asking someone about them and being told a horror story that wouldn't have gone amiss on Berk, pre-Toothless.

"You found the kitchens?" Hiccup whispered back.

"Yeah, they're hidden behind a weird magic picture. This place is so weird."

"\_Tell \_me about it. Even the Elder doesn't have moving paintings. You know, those two pointed out my leg and asked about it."

"Really? I was wondering if any of those old guys from earlier

noticed your leg."

"I don't think so. Apparently they can regrow legs here."

"What? That would be so useful! You need to learn how."

\* \* \*

><p>"I have to do what?"<p>

"The Weighing of the Wands ceremony," said Dumbledore, steering Hiccup towards a door just off a empty hallway. Cedric was with them as well, and he always made Hiccup feel weird - Cedric kept looking at him out of the corner of his eyes, as if sizing him up. "To make sure everything is working, of course, so that nothing goes wrong during the actual task. There will also be a reporter from the Daily Prophet, but you're under no compulsion to answer her questions."

"A what from the what now?" Hiccup didn't get an answer as the door opened and he stumbled in, leg catching on the threshold. He righted himself and noticed that everyone was looking at him. The other two champions and their headmasters were there already, and there was a woman who looked almost fake, dressed in garishly bright colors and wearing spectacles which were strangely pointed at the ends.

"Well!" She looked over Hiccup as if he were a piece of meat, which made him thoroughly uncomfortable. He moved closer to the other two, standing awkwardly as he wasn't sure whether he was supposed to sit down or not. "Here he is! I wonder if I could perhaps have a word with Mr. Potter before we begin...?"

"No time for that now," said one of the judges testily. Hiccup got the impression he didn't particularly like the woman. "We've got to start the wand-weighing, Mr. Ollivander has only so much time with us and since we were forced to search for Mr. Potter..." he directed the stare to Hiccup, who was getting very tired of people referring to him as 'Harry' or 'Mr. Potter'.

"Mr. Ollivander?" A very old man stepped forward, the people in front of him moving away respectfully. He nodded to the three headmasters, and looked at the champions.

"So," he said. "Which one of you would volunteer their wand first? How about you, Ms. Delacour?"

The blonde girl stepped forward cautiously, extending a polished wooden stick towards 'Ollivander'. Hiccup guessed that they must use them to do magic, which was ridiculous. What happened to runes and just your hands? Only old people needed a focus.

Ollivander ran a beady eye over it, examining the stick carefully. "Yes..." he said slowly. "Rosewood, I think? And the hair of a veela...goodness me..."

"One of my grandmothers," said the blonde proudly, with another strange accent. Hiccup wondered where she was from.

"Ah... I have never used veela hair in my wands," said Ollivander. "It makes them a bit temperamental...however, this one is very well suited to you." He pointed the stick - or wand - away from himself.

"\_Orchideous\_!" A bundle of flowers shot out of the end, and he presented them to the blonde along with her wand. "It is in fine condition, Ms. Delacour."

The boy from Hogwarts, Cedric, turned his over next, and Ollivander seemed delighted with it. "Ah, now, this is one of mine, isn't it? Yes, I remember it well. Containing a single hair from the tail of a particularly fine male unicorn... must have been seventeen hands; nearly gored me with his horn after I plucked his tail. Twelve and a quarter inches... ash... pleasantly springy. It's in fine condition... You treat it regularly?"

"Polished it last night."

"Wonderful. So few people take proper care of theirs anymore..." Ollivander flicked the wand, sending a stream of smoke rings from it. "Excellent. Mr. Krum?"

Krum handed his over, Ollivander \_Ah\_ing. "This is one of Gergorovitch's, is it not?" He asked, twirling it. "Yes, hornbeam wood...dragon heartstring..."

Dragon heartstring? Hiccup lost the conversation at that, wondering [horrified] if they really killed dragons and used them as ingredients. The thought of Toothless being used for something like that was a bit sickening.

He was jerked out of his thoughts when Ollivander used Krum's wand to make a noise like a Night Fury blast going off. He handed it back to Krum, satisfied, as Hiccup tried to stop his heart going quite so fast from the surprise.

He looked expectantly at Hiccup. "And last but not least...?" He trailed off expectantly.

"I've never actually used a wand," Hiccup admitted. "Is it that big of a deal?"

He was painfully aware that everyone was staring at him.

"Well then," said Ollivander. "Perhaps we could observe how you do magic, then, to make sure you will be able to during the Tournament?"

"Sure." Hiccup took out the pen he kept on him - it was an invention of his own, and would let you write runes on anything, in case of emergency. He wrote a single one on his palm and lifted his hand to his mouth, whispering a single word of command and blowing. The rune lifted off his hand easily, turning into a bird before it could reach the ground. The bird fluttered out the window.

"Yes," mused Ollivander, "Perhaps a bit difficult in a battle setting, but workable no less. It seems to be fine." He nodded to Hiccup. "That was very impressive."

"Thanks," muttered Hiccup, wondering if there was a chair somewhere he could borrow. This castle had too many stairs and long hallways - long periods of standing and walking around still hurt his leg sometimes.

"Photos!" cried the judge in yellow - Hiccup still didn't know his name. He dragged forward a man holding a black contraption. Hiccup wasn't entirely sure what a photo was, but if it meant standing around awkwardly while people kept manhandling you around to different places, then he didn't like it.

When the blonde woman with curls tried to drag him forward again, he tripped, sprawling over the floor and drawing attention to him.

"Do be careful," Dumbledore reprimanded.

Hiccup bit back a sarcastic comment as he used the tall headmistress's chair to pull himself back up. "Maybe if I could sit down for a moment-"

"What do you need to sit down for?" Cedric, who had spoken, seemed honestly confused, and the other champions no exception.

Hiccup pointedly looked down at his leg, which strangely no one seemed to have noticed. The other people in the room [except for Dumbledore, of course, who already knew] looked startled, as if a fake leg somehow didn't live up to their expectations.

Crouch looked uncomfortable. "Well. This, er... will it be a problem in the Tournament?"

"Unless one of the tasks is a race, I doubt it." Hiccup said dryly. He noticed the blonde woman looked like she'd found treasure, and decided to avoid her from now on.

The man with the black machine cleared his throat, and another fifteen minutes were wasted on photos before anyone was allowed to leave. Hiccup almost ran down the halls, doing his best to avoid being roped into anything else.

\* \* \*

><p>Dragons.<p>

The first task was \_dragons.\_

Hiccup would have laughed in relief, except he didn't think the people around him needed any more fuel for whatever rumors they were spreading.

"Are you alright?" The Bulgarian [where in Helheim was Bulgaria?] champion asked. He had a very strong accent. Hiccup could barely tell what he was saying sometimes.

"Fine," Hiccup waved off his concern. "Thanks, really, though. Um, did you tell the other guy? Yellow house kid?"

"No," said...what was his name...Crumb? No, Krum, that was it. "And the Beauxbatons champion already knows. I think the English boy is the only one who does not."

Great. "Maybe one of us should tell him?" Hiccup suggested. "To make it fair."

"I think it is already unfair." At Hiccup look of surprise, he



laughed. "The others might not have noticed, but I am sure you are much older than seventeen."

"I'm only twenty," said Hiccup. "That's not that old, is it?"

Krum or whatever his name was seemed confused that Hiccup didn't know, but shrugged it off. "Not very, but still older than any of us. I will need good luck to beat you, yes? Maybe I should be glad about your leg." He nodded towards the metal appendage.

"Haha...yeah..." he said awkwardly as Krum walked away. He should probably warn the yellow guy. It would be unfair for everyone else to have an advantage.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup looked up from where he'd tipped a basket of food over when a roar echoed through the trees. The other dragons perked up as well - it hadn't been any of them making that noise. Hiccup wasn't sure what dragon sounded like that - it had been a very deep roar, not one he was used to hearing on any dragon he'd seen on Berk. Even a Thunderdrum didn't sound like that.<p>

"Wait here," he told all of them, pushing Hookfang's head down from where he'd nosed up to the basket. "Toothless, make sure no one leaves." Toothless pulled his head out of the basket with a curious little growl, watching as Hiccup climbed out of the hollow and set off to find where the noise was coming from.

He was in shock when he came across the four huge cages, all containing a dragon as big as a Monstrous Nightmare. Cages? Shouldn't they have brought people experienced with dragons with them? It was a bit of a risk, keeping them riled up like this.

One dragon roared again, the same one from earlier. It reared up, and Hiccup saw people ringing the cage jump to their feet. The dragon banged against the bars of its cage, and red beams jumped out from the people around it and impacted on its hide. It seemed to make the dragon drowsy, slumping to the bottom of its cage.

Hiccup was horrified. This was how they treated dragons here? Couple with the 'heartstring' incident from earlier, he now had a multitude of reasons now to keep Toothless and the others hidden away. Odin and all of Asgard forbid that they be treated in such a manner.

Hiccup thought that the task would probably be harder than he'd expected it too, if the dragons were used to such rough treatment. They'd be furious.

He caught sight of several nests full of eggs placed out of the way behind another crate.

Holy Helheim, were these people trying to die? He was surprised the mothers - for it was obvious that that was what they were - hadn't broken out yet in their fury at their eggs being stolen.

Hiccup shook his head and crept away. These wizards must have been idiots. Anyone could see that they were mishandling the dragons. Hiccup just wished he could do something about it.

\* \* \*

><p>The four champions met in a small tent outside the circular arena, ringed by stands full of cheering students and staff eager to see the task. The judges and headmasters were with the champions. Hiccup, since he was the only one not really representing a school, looked a bit left out without someone hovering over his shoulder.<p>

One of the judges, a man named Crouch, held out a small cloth bag. "In here," he said gravely, "Are miniature models of the real creatures you will be facing today. I will ask you to be careful as you reach in." He held it out to the blonde girl, who carefully reached in and winced, nearly drawing her hand out, before pulling out a green dragon wearing a small number two. "The Common Welsh Green!"

Cedric grabbed a silvery blue dragon, which Hiccup thought looked nice, and was apparently called "The Swedish Short-Snout!" It had number 1.

Krum revealed a red dragon, with spidery wings, wearing a number three. "The Chinese Fireball!"

Which left Hiccup with-"The Hungarian Horntail," Crouch said dramatically. The spiky dragon rested in Hiccup's palm, colored a dark brown with amber eyes. It wasn't Toothless by a long shot. It reminded Hiccup more of a Gronckle crossed with a Monstrous Nightmare.

He noted that none of the other champions had seemed surprised, which meant they all knew. Good. He'd forgotten to tell Cedric, so at least someone had.

"You have each pulled out the dragon you will face," said Crouch, tucking away the now-empty bag. "The numbers refer to the order in which you will do so. The point of this task - to retrieve the golden egg. I wish you all luck." He left the tent hurriedly. Cedric, face ashen, stared at the little number one around the model's neck.

"Good luck," said Bagman, clapping Cedric on his shoulder and leaving as well. Hiccup tried to find his voice to do the same but nerves had silenced him.

Cedric left.

The roar of the crowd told the other three champions that he'd entered the arena, but the commentary was more nerve-racking than actually seeing what had happened, and most of them did their best to ignore it. The yellow-robed judge must have been commentating, because his unmistakeable loud voice was echoing into the tent.

Krum was staring at the ground. The blonde champion was pacing the tent in nervousness; understandably, since she was going next. Hiccup wondered whether Astrid and the others were in the audience, and he thought he could faintly hear Ruffnut and Tuffnut shouting.

Eventually the blonde girl left to face her dragon, then Krum, and

then Hiccup was left by himself in the tent trying very hard not to listen to the commentary.

When it came around to his turn, Hiccup approached the arena carefully, looking around to try and find the dragon.

The rocky setting immediately had his mind going, remembering all he knew about dragons.

\_Rocky terrain - it'll be able to blend in better, more opportunities to hide, sneak attacks. The model had lots of horns, spears its prey, probably breathes fire too. Eggs in a nest, mother, more protective than others.\_

He kneeled, taking cover behind a rock in case the Horntail tried to sneak up on him and drawing a few runes on a rock turned it into a shield. He came back out, holding the shield in front of him, and looked for the telltales signs.

\_There. \_Spines he recognized from the model he'd selected - \_thank Odin for magical accuracy - \_ and even as he watched they moved slightly. He crept closer, knowing that going for the nest now would only aggravate the mother.

The Horntail leaped from its place among the rocks, and as Hiccup scrambled backwards he knew for sure that his friends were in the audience. No one else would be yelling \_Pretend it's Toothless \_at him.

The dragon crouched in front of him, growling with narrowed eyes. Her pupils were slitted, meaning they were either naturally like that or she was really angry.

Hiccup held up the stick he'd scavenged last night. It looked similar to a wand, the weapon he figured the dragons would be most familiar with, and the growling got even louder as he did so. Quickly, Hiccup threw it to the other side of the arena and dropped his shield.

The audience murmured, confused by the turn of events, but the growling stopped as well, the Horntail trying to figure out what he was doing.

Hiccup carefully took a few steps closer, stopping and taking one backwards when the growling started again. The judge's voice echoed over the arena, wondering aloud what he was doing, and Hiccup located him in the stands and gestured wildly for him to be quiet. Luckily, someone conveyed the message to him by yanking away his megaphone.

The audience had gone incredibly quiet, everyone waiting with baited breath to see what he would do next.

Hiccup dared another few steps closer. The Horntail was just watching him now, and as he got within a foot or two of her snout he sat down as if to make himself smaller. Hiccup scooted a little closer and waited, not making eye contact but instead looking at the ground. It was important that she didn't regard him as a threat.

After a few minutes of this, he very slowly stretched out his arm and waited, still looking at the ground.

The feeling of rough scales against his hand prompted him to look up. The Horntail had accepted the gesture. He petted it a little, locating the spot he'd noticed when playing with the model in the tent, and scratched her at the base of her horns, making the dragons close her eyes in pleasure. The audience was getting rather loud now, but he heard a few yells telling everyone to shut up and was glad that Astrid and the others knew as much about this as he did.

The Horntail was stretched out along the ground now, more at rest than on guard. Hiccup performed the same maneuver as earlier, slowly making his way closer to her nest and coming back to pet the dragon a little more whenever he got to close for her liking. She watched him carefully as Hiccup walked slowly away for the fourth time, and this time let him get to the lip of the nest. From here, Hiccup could carefully reach over the eggs and take the gold one. ONce realizing that he wasn't after her eggs, the Horntail watched him leave peacefully, to absolute silence from the audience. Overall, it had taken Hiccup an hour or so to finally get his egg. It might have taken him the longest, but he was the only champion who hadn't been injured.

A woman dressed in clean white robes greeted him once he'd left. "Come this way, let me see," she said briskly, bustling him into a side tent where the Blonde champion sat with an orange cream over one leg.

"Where are you injured?" asked the woman, reaching for a tub of the orange stuff.

"I'm not hurt," said Hiccup, leaning away with one arm still securely around the egg.

"What?" the woman didn't say anything else, interrupted by the arrival of Astrid and the other four Vikings.

"Nice job," said Astrid, leaning on Hiccup's head and taking the egg. "What's this for?"

"Maybe they're giving it to him for managing to get past a dragon," said Snotlout, snatching the egg from Astrid. "You know, as a prize."

"Maybe it is a dragon egg," said Fishlegs. "I've never heard of one being gold before, though."

"I bet you could sell it for a lot," Ruffnut looked at the egg. "Whoa! I can see my reflection in this!"

"What happened?" The blonde girl asked. "They stopped commentating after a while."

"I needed quiet," Hiccup explained as his friends argued over the possible purpose of the egg. "Dragons get all anxious around loud noises. Some of them have really sensitive ears, and it makes them freak out if people are being too loud."

The girl shot him a look that was part thoughtful, and part confused. The tent flap rustled as someone pushed inside - it was the Professor from the school, the one with a bun. She looked rather shocked, and

was still holding the megaphone she'd pulled away from the exuberant judge.

"Come this way," she said. "They're giving your scores out."

Hiccup followed her back out, his friends following in curiosity, and the table of judges in the stands seemed so high up that Hiccup wondered if they were going to shout down the scores.

This proved to be a ridiculous idea, however, as the tall headmistress [being the first judge] shot a huge number 9 into the air.

"How many is it out of?" he asked the teacher.

"Ten."

Astrid whooped, slapping Hiccup on the back as the next judge gave him ten. The next gave him ten as well, and the next, but the headmaster with the goatee gave him only four.

"Four?" Muttered Snotlout in derision. "What's with him? You did great, you should have seen their faces when you started petting it - I thought their jaws were gonna fall off."

The Professor ushered them back into the champions tent, where the yellow-robed man was waiting. He'd obviously just finished telling the other champions what had happened to Hiccup, because they all were regarding him with a mixture of surprise and something resembling respect.

"Well done, all of you," said Crouch, sweeping into the tent again and eyeing Hiccup as he passed. "You have a long break before the second task, which will take place at half past nine on the morning of February the twenty-fourth - but we're giving you something to think about in the meantime! If you look down at those golden eggs you're all holding, you will see that they open. . . see the hinges there? You need to solve the clue inside the egg -because it will tell you what the second task is, and enable you to prepare for it! Have you all got that?" They nodded, Cedric with some difficulty as there was still that orange past over the side of his face, evidently covering some sort of burn or injury.

"Just a second!" Dumbledore came in, followed by the other judges. "I would like to ask Mr. Potter some questions."

"Hiccup," Hiccup stressed the name, annoyed by their inability to call him by the right one.

"Hiccup," Dumbledore said in a resigned manner. "It's just about the task. We need to make sure you didn't do anything to the dragons beforehand."

"Do anything to them?" Hiccup said, taken aback. "Why would I do that?"

A redhead who looked remarkably like the boy he'd met a week ago came in. "Taming a dragon," he said, shaking his head. "It's - impossible, is what it is. We've got to check to make sure the dragon hasn't been drugged, and-"

"Impossible?" repeated Astrid, rolling her eyes. "Please. A kid could do it."

The redhead chuckled. "Well then, if you'd like to tell me how you did it?"

"Experience with other dragons, I guess," Hiccup shrugged, switching the egg to his other arm.

"Experience?" The redhead's eyebrows shot up. "With what dragons?"

"There are a lot of them back home," Hiccup informed them. "It's kind of dangerous to not know how to handle one." He hefted the egg. "Would you mind if I left to try and solve this?" He left the tent without waiting for an answer.

"Mr. Potter!" It was the curly-haired woman from before. Hiccup tried to not look like he was running away [even though he was]. He was in no mood to talk to her. Luckily, the five people around him and the fact that they were all carrying weapons seemed to dissuade the woman from trying.

Hiccup glanced down at the egg as they walked up to the entrance of the castle and wondered how it could be a clue.

## 6. Chapter 5 - Enter Luna, stage right

**\*\*Wow, this story is turning out to be one of my most popular! Thank you to all the reviewers. I've done my best for this one, but just so you know the third task won't be until next chapter. This one is mostly figuring out the golden egg clue and performing the second task. I've had an idea for how that will go for a while, and I think I'll have fun writing it out.\*\***

**\*\*This chapter we get another little flash of what's happening on Berk, to give a little teaser of the next chapter. It's not very long, mostly because I like cliffhangers when I can get them.\*\***

**\*\*Enjoy!\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or How To Train Your Dragon\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em>"Let the wind carry us<em>

\_To the clouds, hurry up\_

\_Alright\_

\_We can travel as far as our eyes can see\_

\_We go where no one goes\_

\_We slow for no one

><em>

\_Get out of our way!"\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup was staring at the egg, turning it over in his hands. He squinted, bringing it closer to his eyes. Was that a hinge on the bottom?<p>

"Hiccup?" He startled so badly he almost dropped the egg. Grabbing it securely, he turned to see Astrid.

"Yeah?"

"What are you doing with that egg?" She eyed it. "You were getting really intense. I thought you were gonna start making out with it."

"Har har," Hiccup said sarcastically. "Take a look at this." He showed Astrid the bumps on the bottom.

"What's that?"

"I think they're hinges. You know, like on a door."

"So you think it opens?"

"Maybe." Hiccup turned the egg over and looked at the engraved owl on the top. "Maybe this opens it?" He pushed the owl, pulled it, and when he twisted it it moved cleanly, the golden sides of the egg falling open to reveal a clear, watery substance that stayed in the shape of an egg even without the gold sides.

Hiccup dropped it and covered his ears when it started screeching loudly at them.

"Close it!" Astrid yelled, her hands clamped over her ears. Hiccup winced and then quickly took his hands off his ears, lunging for the egg and clamping the sides back together. The screeching stopped immediately, and he twisted the owl back in place to hold it together.

"What was that?" Astrid said, lowering her hands.

"I don't know," said Hiccup. "A baby Thunderdrum?"

"Sure," said Astrid skeptically, "Except you were the one that found out their voices don't change, remember?"

Hiccup winced, remembering that particular incident. "Don't remind me."

"It could be some sort of creature," said Astrid thoughtfully. "Maybe we've just never heard of them."

"Is the screeching supposed to be the clue?"

Astrid shrugged. "Maybe you're supposed to translate it into regular words."

"Do they seriously expect us to do that?"

"Don't look at me, ask someone who actually lives here. This place is five kinds of wacko."

\* \* \*

><p>"Mr - I mean Hiccup!" Hiccup turned to see the severe professor - McGonagall? - walking towards him. He stopped, ducking out of the way of the students milling through the hallway.<p>

"Yes?"

"I have been asked to inform you that the Yule Ball will be occurring this December," she said crisply. "You will need to bring a date, of course, and I will be overseeing dancing lessons until Christmas."

"A...ball?"

"A dance," she clarified, "Where people dance in couples. There will be musicians and a dinner."

"Oh." Hiccup was bombarded with mental images of the last few holiday dances he'd seen. "Why is it called a ball?"

"The word 'ball' usually indicates a more formal setting."

"Oh, I see. Um, so when is it?"

"Christmastime."

"And...when's that?"

He could practically see the professor's sigh. "December twenty-fifth. Several weeks from now. I would advise you to get some formal clothes, like dress robes."

"Okay." \_I'm not wearing robes, \_Hiccup thought privately.

"Do you have money to purchase formal wear?"

Um. "...No?"

McGonagall sighed, and handed over a small pouch. "If necessary, use these." she told him. "The gold ones are Galleons, the silver ones Sickles, and the bronze ones Knuts. Please return whatever you do not spend."

"Thanks." Hiccup tucked the pouch into his belt and McGonagall swept away, going with the flow of the crowd.

\* \* \*

><p>"A dance?" Astrid said as Hiccup explained. "Well that's stupid. Do we really have to dress up?"<p>

"I think so."



"Dang." Astrid looked down. "Oh well. I can wear a long skirt or something. What about you?"

"The professor gave me money to buy something if I didn't have anything. Isn't there a little village near here?"

Astrid nodded. "I've been there. I think there was a clothes shop. It all looked odd, though. Maybe we should just make you a tunic and stuff."

Hiccup laughed. "I don't think any of us know how."

They were sitting by the shore of the black lake, and Astrid started braiding his hair again. "We'll think of something. Aren't you wearing a tunic under that suit? You can use magic to make it all fancy and stuff. No one'll notice."

"And what are you going to do?" Hiccup asked.

"I'll use your new money. I bet Ruffnut could use some stuff to. You can use magic to help the guys."

"Hey, maybe Fishlegs wants to buy something."

Astrid broke into giggles. "Odin's beard, can you imagine him going in there and saying 'I'd like some robes please'."

"No, I meant you could get him something." This made Astrid laugh even harder.

"Clothes aside, at least you've got a date who won't mind not dancing," she said when she calmed down. "Imagine if someone from the school tried to ask you."

\* \* \*

><p>Well, Hiccup thought from his hiding place inside an alcove off a disused hallway, at least now he didn't have to imagine.<p>

In the past two weeks, he'd been asked out by four different girls, and had had to turn all of them down. The last one had started yelling, and the guys around her had started crowding around, asking what was going on and throwing Hiccup dirty looks.

Hence, the alcove.

Hiccup groaned inwardly. He'd heard the story of how his 'real' parents died, of course, but he didn't think the whole surviving thing would make him that popular. He didn't even know the girl. What was she expecting?

"Hiccup!" He jerked backwards as Snoutlout's face shot in front of his. "There you are," said Snotlout, unaware of the minor panic he'd caused. "Astrid was looking for you."

"She sent you to find me?" Hiccup stood from the bench he'd been sitting on.

"Yeah, she sent everyone else off to find you. I think she's tracking down all the girls who asked you out," Snolout told him. Hiccup

wincing as he remembered the last time someone had tried to ask him out. Astrid had sent them threats for a month.

"I hope she doesn't maul anyone."

"Nah, I think she's got better sense than that. If Astrid gets kicked out, she can't be your date, right?"

"I guess," said Hiccup, privately thinking that Astrid would stay even if they tried to kick her out.

"So what is this thing she's so upset about?"

"It's a big dance. We're supposed to wear nice clothes. I was just going to make mine look a little fancier."

"Aw, crud." Snotlout looked down at himself. "This isn't fancy! And I don't have any changes!"

"You could use magic? Or get someone to do it for you."

Snotlout looked at Hiccup questioningly.

"I mean I can help."

"Oh." They both walked towards the end of the hallway, which led outside.

"Are you going with anyone?" Hiccup asked, wondering if Snotlout would actually ask anyone from the school.

"I've been meaning to ask Ruffnut," he said. "Fishlegs better not get there first."

"\_Ruffnut\_? Good luck with that."

"What? She likes me!"

"You mean you like her."

"Same thing! There's no way she can resist this," said Snotlout, stroking his tiny beard.

"You do realize you're talking about Ruffnut."

"Yeah, so?"

Snotlout was going to be very disappointed.

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid showed up several hours later, grinning madly and refusing to tell anyone where she'd been. Hiccup hoped she hadn't scarred anyone too badly. He thought this ball sounded nice, whatever the restrictions.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid grinned as she looked out over the room. The dining hall had been turned into an ice castle, silver decorations and an

elaborate ice castle that they must have used magic to carve - there were even little windows in it. Astrid had discreetly broken off part of a turret and was sucking on it while she waited for Hiccup. She'd used the wizard money to buy a long, dark blue skirt, and was wishing she'd bought a shorter one. Her hair was in her usual braid, and she'd taken off her armor and simply worn the tunic it usually hid.<p>

"Hey!" She turned around to see Hiccup, in a magically altered tunic that was now a dark green with gold hems. The suit had been tucked away in his borrowed bedroom.

"You took out my braids," Astrid greeted him with, running her hand through his hair. "I liked them."

"I didn't think it was really dance-friendly." Hiccup said, wondering if she was going to hit him.

"Hiccup!"

"Okay, you can redo them later." He allowed.

"Excellent." Astrid pulled him into the line of champions waiting to be paraded in. "Is Fishlegs still in the rooms?"

"He didn't want to come down?" Hiccup soon saw the reason sitting at the table inside the hall. "No way. Ruffnut actually said yes?" Tuffnut was glaring at his sister's date, but Snotlout seemed to elated to care.

"Yep." Astrid looked like she was about to laugh. "Tuffnut seems to think he'll be able to burn Snotlout's head off if he stares long enough."

"Quiet down!" McGonagall fixed them with a glare. All the champions got into place. Hiccup offered his arm to Astrid like he'd been told to, and she linked hers through it with an exaggerated bow.

They walked into the room in a column, the people at the tables cheering, but only some were seated, the others lined up on either side of the doors to create a path for the champions to walk down, like a parade. There was a large stage set up at the end of the room, but Hiccup didn't recognize any of the instruments. He glanced around, spotting the table with his friends, and as soon as the line dispersed he and Astrid made their way over.

"No date, Tuffnut?" Astrid asked as she slid into a seat, tugging Hiccup into the one next to her. There was one more empty seat, but Hiccup doubted Fishlegs would be coming down.

Tuffnut glared at Astrid, then returned his gaze to Snotlout.

"When's dinner?" Ruffnut asked, looking around at the rapidly filling tables. They were scattered through the hall, little circular things with seats grouped around them and white tablecloths.

Astrid shrugged. "This is all very fancy, you know. It's stupid. Why waste all this time when you're going to wreck the hall?"

"Maybe they do it differently here," Hiccup said dryly. "I doubt custom everywhere is to get really drunk and smash the decorations."

"But it's fun!" Astrid smirked at Hiccup. "You're just bitter because someone knocks you over every year."

"I am not!"

"It's because you're so skinny. They think you're one of the trees."

"\_Astrid\_..."

She eventually relented. "Don't be so thin-skinned, Hiccup, I think you're fine." They all jumped back when menus popped up in front of them. Hiccup picked one up.

"It's a list of food," he said, eyes scanning it. "I've never heard of half of this. I can't \_pronounce \_half of this."

They looked around and saw other people ordering, speaking to their plate and having it pop up in front of them like the menus.

Astrid decided to test it out. "Steak," she told her plate, and an average-sized one appeared before her, lightly steaming. "Excellent," she said, digging into it with the fork. "Ugh, this silverware is useless!"

"You're supposed to cut it into pieces," Hiccup reminded her. They'd had several mishaps in the dining hall before. These wizards were very stingy about etiquette, and Hiccup had needed to stop Snotlout and the others several times from doing something that would get them weird looks for weeks.

The dinner was excellent. Hiccup wasn't sure what those little elves in the kitchens were, but they cooked wonderfully. It was certainly better than any food they could grow on Berk, even with Hiccup's help. Soon enough the plates were cleared, and another set of menus appeared on the table.

"What now?" Tuffnut picked up the menu.

"It's the - what did they call it, pudding?" The group as a whole had been thrilled with the desserts when they first saw them, having had nothing like ice cream or cake before.

When everything had been eaten, the plates themselves were whisked from the table invisibly, and the tables moved themselves and the people sitting at them to the side of the room, clearing a space in front of the stage to dance in.

The first dance sounded as fancy as the room looked, and Hiccup was glad for once that his leg was missing, since it excused him from the first dance. None of the others got up, since none of them knew the dance.

Ruffnut looked bored. "When are they going to play a good song?"

"I don't think they know any of the songs we'd know." Astrid said,

picking at the tablecloth. "What is this made out of?"

Hiccup shrugged, watching the dancers. He could see the other champions in the crowd; Krum was dancing with the brunette girl who had introduced herself before the first task.

Astrid leaned over to whisper. "Have you figured out the egg yet?"

"You mean have I translated the incomprehensible screeching noise yet? No. No I have not."

"You're so sensitive." Astrid smacked his shoulder. "What about that room full of books? You could look in there."

"I have. I can barely understand any of the ones that apply to translation."

"Have you looked at the ones about creatures?"

Hiccup's only reply was silence as he avoided looking Astrid in the eye.

"You didn't! Come on, that was the first place you should have looked!"

"Can we stop going down this conversational road?"

"Shut up!" Snotlout reached over and slapped the table in front of the couple to get their attention. "I'm trying to be romantic," he hissed at them.

Astrid and Hiccup exchanged looks that were simultaneously surprised and slightly skeptical.

The light, happy music had finished, and the next song was loud and fast, people mingling on the floor and waving their arms. Hiccup saw Astrid tapping her feet to the music.

"If you want to go dance with someone, I'm not stopping you." he said, leaning back in his chair.

Astrid snorted. "No way. Dance with who, Tuffnut?" She leaned up against him and started braiding his hair again. "I'm good, thanks."

"Hm. Like any of them could compare to me anyway."

"Sure, Hiccup."

\* \* \*

><p>Christmas, Hiccup decided, was an excellent holiday. He'd never celebrated it before, but the feast laid out in the restored dining hall was amazing. Huge turkeys ready to eat, all sorts of desserts, and the crackers!<p>

He hadn't understood what they were at first. Ron, the same one who had introduced himself earlier, and pulled Hiccup over to his table when he entered the hall [he later regretted this when all of

Hiccup's friends came as well]. When Ron realized Hiccup didn't know how they worked, he showed him, pulling one with someone who had to be his brother [there was no way that shade of red was a common one] and it exploded with a bang like a cannon, showering the surrounding students [most of whom were also redheads] with confetti and streamers, and revealing something called a wizard's chess set [which Hiccup let Ron keep - he had no desire to play the game, whatever it was], a balloon set [which Hiccup thought was ridiculous, but that seemed to be a theme] and several live mice. Fishlegs in particular popped at least half of them when he came down, and kept nearly everything, including a hat which didn't even have any horns.

"At least Christmas didn't have a stupid name like all of our holidays," Astrid whispered as she admired the trees, which were actual trees, instead of boards painted green with shields nailed onto them. The decorations, while not on the level of the ball, were impressive as well, with huge 'ornaments' hanging from the branches. "And we haven't got anything like this on Berk."

"Yeah," agreed Hiccup, who also looking around. "What do you think the ornaments are made of?"

"No idea. It's clear, whatever it is."

"Same stuff they put in the windows?"

"I think so."

"That's weird." Weird as it was, it was still an excellent holiday, and all six went to bed feeling a bit happier.

\* \* \*

><p>[The happiness, however, didn't last long.]<p>

Hiccup closed the book and let his head fall against it, expressing his frustration with a long, drawn-out "Aaauuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhhh."

He sat there with his head on the table for a minute or two, jerking up before the woman in charge of the library came around. If she saw him like that he'd be banned for life or something and never figure this egg out.

Hiccup sighed and reopened the book. There were all sorts of magical creatures he'd never heard of, and it took a lot of looking before he found an extensive book filled with information on the different kinds of them, including what noises they made. He'd had to wade through the entire thing, and had started skimming the pages, looking for creatures that sounded likely to screech. Unfortunately, he was only as far as the Ks.

Hiccup stared at the page without really seeing the words and wondered if he'd actually meet any of these. He hoped not. The majority sounded unpleasant. He sighed and turned the page, noting that he'd made it to the Ls.

Leprechaun? What in Helheim was a leprechaun?

Hiccup resigned himself to flipping through the book forever, slowly

making his way through and never finding the answer. The Ls continued for what seemed like a ridiculous amount of pages, and Hiccup thought the Ms were no better until he came across the entry for \_Mermaids.\_

\_...Mermaids refused Being status, instead preferring...they communicate with shrieks which are...\_

Hold on, what was that last bit? Hiccup's eyes shot back to the entry.

\_They communicate with shrieks known as Mermish, which once both parties are underwater comes across as regular English and enables anyone to understand them.\_

Hiccup listed \_Mermaids \_and\_ put the egg underwater\_on the paper he'd brought and closed the book, deciding he wasn't going to waste any more time on it now that he had a perfectly good lead.

\* \* \*

><p>The bathtub in the borrowed rooms wasn't very big, but Hiccup made do. He had to fill it nearly to the brim before it was deep enough to get the egg and his head underwater. He unscrewed the owl clasp, watching as the golden sides fell open. He took a deep breath and dunked his head underwater.<p>

\_Come seek us where our voices sound,  
>We cannot sing above the ground,<br>And while you're searching,  
ponder this;  
>We've taken what you'll sorely miss,<br>An hour long you'll have to look,  
>And recover what we took,<br>But past an hour â€” the prospect's black,  
>Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.<em>

Hiccup pulled his head out of the water with a gasp. He mulled over the meaning of the song [and really, who would have guessed that that screeching translated into music?] and decided to take it line by line.

'Come and seek us' obviously meant go find where they lived, and the second line must have been a hint to what creature they were looking for. Mermaids lived underwater [unless magical ones lived somewhere else] so maybe the lake? It was fairly big, and Hiccup would be surprised to learn that there wasn't anything in there.

Hiccup had to go back underwater to remember the last few lines, and his brow creased as he thought over them. "An hour long...to recover what we took," he muttered out loud. Obviously they were going to steal something of his, but how would mermaids do that? Sing it to them like sirens? Were they intending to steal a person? 'Too late, it's gone, it won't come back' - did that mean it would be impossible to recover past an hour?

Something from the beginning was nagging at him. Hiccup said it aloud, as if that would jog his mind. "Come and seek us where our voices sound. Where our-" realizing the meaning of that statement, Hiccup looked down in horror at his \_metal \_leg.

It wasn't as if he knew how to swim before loosing it. Despite Berk being an island, he doubted anyone knew how to. It was bad luck to have someone who knew how to swim on board a ship, and Vikings used ships all the time. Hiccup frantically wondered how he was going to go about getting back something of his from underwater, where the mermaids would no doubt be guarding them.

Could he bargain with them? What sort of bargain could he make? Hiccup couldn't think of anything that mermaids wanted, but then something sprang to mind.

Maybe he did have the beginnings of a plan. It might not have been a good one, but it would work. He'd just have to figure out how to get to the middle of the lake. And how to do it in under an hour.

\* \* \*

><p>"You know, the lake has been quite full of nargles lately."<p>

Hiccup looked up from the notebook he had been outlining plans in. He was sitting by the lake again, thinking it would help to prepare for the task. The girl who spoke had blue lining in her robes, and hair even paler blond than Astrid's. She was wearing very peculiar earrings.

"What?" Hiccup wasn't quite sure what a Nargle was, but he'd never heard of it before.

"The nargles," the girl repeated, sitting down next to him. "They've been coming to the lake in flocks recently. Normally it wouldn't be that bad, but they have this peculiar effect on water creatures that makes them very greedy. It's an unfortunate effect. I'm glad it doesn't happen up here."

"Really?" Hiccup's mind flashed to the egg and he crossed out a line in his notebook. "That's actually very helpful."

"I know." She didn't seem like she was bragging, but simply stating a fact. "I'm Luna, if you wanted to know."

"I'm Hiccup." He extended his hand and she shook it, then stood back up.

"I should be getting back inside. There are redwings everywhere if you stay out too late," she informed him, and made her way back across the lawn. Hiccup watched her disappear inside and turned back to his notebook, wondering if 'redwings' were particularly dangerous.

His plan called for some revision, but this new information made things much easier.

\* \* \*

><p>The day of the second task dawned grey and chilly, but to Hiccup it was like an average day on Berk. He stood with Astrid and the others on the huge platforms that they had been sailed out to, holding a horn under his arm. He'd managed to conjure one that lasted longer than a few minutes, but Hiccup doubted the horn would remain



past sunset. It was similar to any of the kind you would find on Berk, but to the wizards it was a strange prop for the task.<p>

There was a large clock floating near them on the water, presumably to allow the officials and spectators to track the time. Hiccup wondered who it was that had decided that this was a spectator sport - if most of the champions were going to be swimming, they wouldn't actually be able to see anything.

Astrid was standing close to Hiccup, glaring at the officials. She'd been with him in the dorms when they were approached by Dumbledore, who had asked to see her privately. She'd reluctantly gone with him, and when she discovered what they were going to do to her she's practically kicked down the door of the room and sprinted out, spending several hours hiding in the castle before she deemed it safe enough to go find Hiccup. Even now, the rest of the group were standing protectively with her in the center in case anyone got any bright ideas.

Hiccup didn't know who they found to be her replacement, but he thought it was a bit unfair to have the stolen objects be people. What if someone didn't get there within an hour?

He fidgeted, moving the horn from hand to hand and shuffling around on the dock. More and more people were arriving by the second, and already the judges were on the platform above them, talking in low voices.

"When's the task going to start?" Astrid hissed as the last champion lined up by the edge of the dock. "Everyone's here, why waste more time?"

It appeared that wizards were fond of wasting time, as they waited until basically the entire student population was there before Dumbledore strode out to speak. He pointed his wand at his throat and muttered something which caused his voice to echo loudly across the water so that everyone could hear.

"All our champions have arrived," he said, which came out like a shout. "We shall begin the task immediately! The four competitors have an hour to recover that which was taken from them. On the whistle - three, two, one-"

The other three champions dived into the water all at nearly the same time, but Hiccup turned around and darted up the stairs which led to the second platform. He ignored the muttering that erupted around him, the audience no doubt wondering what he was doing. Hiccup shouldered through the officials on the second level and leaned out over the railing, taking a breath and blowing with all his might into the horn.

The deep sound echoed across the water, momentarily quieting the people below and on the platforms to the left and right, which were packed to bursting. Hiccup waited with bated breath, barely hearing the judges whispering behind him. They had cleared a space around him, and were no doubt just as curious as to what he was doing, but none of them interrupted him.

Hiccup set himself to working, using runes to bend away part of the

railing and to extend the boards a bit, creating something similar to a ramp which he could dive off of. He was wearing the suit again, and as he backed away a bit to give himself a running start a black shape became visible across the lake, coming towards them from the direction of the forest.

Hiccup ran across the board and took a flying leap, snapping his arms out to let the fabric of the flying suit catch the wind. He created a wind to boost himself higher, and Toothless was there in seconds, slowing slightly to let Hiccup land on his back and hook his foot into the pedal, disengaging the locked fin. He strapped the 'wings' of his suit back into place and hurriedly hooked himself to the saddle. Hiccup heard screams from behind as people no doubt noticed that he was on a dragon, but Toothless sped across the lake and soon left them behind, reaching the center in minutes.

Hiccup let a piece of paper with a rune array fall onto the water, watching as it hit the surface. From it spread a crystalline, pattern, continuing and thickening until a decent-size chunk of ice sat on the water. Hiccup let another paper fall, this one turning the top layer of the ice into wood, so Toothless could grab on properly. Toothless landed on it with a gentle thump, the ice rocking but staying afloat.

Hiccup reached for the horn again and took another breath, this time pressing the rune on the back and dipping the opening underwater before blowing it. The water around it bubbled, but Hiccup was sure that the sound had reached the bottom, at least.

He waited impatiently, Toothless shifting occasionally, until something breached the surface next to the ice floe he'd created.

Hiccup had to stop Toothless from flying away immediately. The mermaid was much uglier than he had expected, with scaly, greyish skin slick with water and dark green hair that blended in with the water, drifting around it in waves. Only the face was above water, and it regarded Hiccup with an unreadable expression. Its mouth was slightly open, revealing sharp, fanglike teeth, and the eyes were a lamplike yellow. It wore a thick necklace of pebbles around its neck. Hiccup wasn't sure whether it was male or female, and he wasn't about to try and check.

Hiccup took a calming breath and got off Toothless, making sure the line keeping him in the saddle was solidly connected. He carefully bent over the edge of the ice floe, the mermaid sinking back into the water as he got closer.

Hiccup quickly dunked his face in the water. It was absolutely frigid, and the freezing array he'd used didn't help, but Hiccup pushed past it and did his best to talk to the mermaid.

"I need my friend back!" It mostly came out as bubbles, but some of the sound traveled - he hoped. None of his friends from Berk had been taken, but Hiccup remembered the song - they'd taken someone he knew. He reached back carefully without taking his face out of the water and got a grip on the egg, bringing it underwater and offering it to the mermaid.

Its eyes widened and it snatched the proffered egg, holding it

tightly and watching Hiccup with narrowed eyes. When he made no move to get the egg back, it darted down and into deeper waters.

Hiccup surfaced with a gasp. He'd practiced holding his breath, but a person can only go without air for so long. He shook out his hair, trying to dry it, and Toothless tried to nose him away from the edge.

"Alright," Hiccup said, scooting backwards. "I'll stay back, is that what you want?" He didn't know how long it took to get to the bottom of the lake and back, but it wouldn't be very fast.

It took near fifteen minutes for the mermaid to surface again, this time holding a limp Luna. Hiccup didn't know why they had chosen her, but he pulled the girl onto his makeshift raft, sitting her up to get air from her lungs as she coughed. Luna looked around and rubbed the water in her eyes, blinking when she noticed that she was sitting next to Hiccup in the middle of the lake.

"Oh, hello," was all she said, before she noticed Toothless and her eyes widened.

"No, no, it's okay!" Hiccup hurriedly reassured her. "See?" He patted Toothless, the latter watching Luna with curious eyes.

Luna seemed to be of a more progressive kind than the rest of the wizards, and carefully scooted closer to Toothless. He didn't move away, and let her pet his head. She still seemed very nervous, though.

Hiccup looked at Toothless. "Where did this come from? Every time I introduce you to someone you act all mean to them, but you let her pet you right away? What's different about her?" He looked back at Luna when he heard her laughing.

"I've never heard someone talk to a dragon like that," she said, still giggling.

Hiccup shrugged, not sure how to respond, and stood up carefully. "Well, it's a good thing you like him, because he's our ride back to shore." Hiccup swung himself over Toothless's back, noting that Luna's nervousness abruptly came back. "What? He's safe."

Carefully, Luna climbed on behind Hiccup, making sure to avoid Toothless's wings. Hiccup dug into one of his pouches and unfolded the passenger belt, which he offered to Luna.

"What's that?"

"It's to keep you on the saddle. See, this goes around your waist, then this cord gets attached here," he pointed to where his was already anchored. "Toothless goes pretty fast."

"Toothless?" Luna smiled as she buckled the belt. "You named him?"

"Of course I did." Hiccup turned forward and clicked the other cord into place. "Ready, Toothless? Up...gently."

Luckily Toothless responded better than he had with Astrid, gently

lifting up and soaring back to shore, slowly gaining speed. Soon enough he had to slow down again, and Hiccup saw astonished looks out of the corner of his eye as he helped Luna off and carefully onto the platform. He unhooked himself, locked Toothless's fin in place and jumped onto the platform as well, Toothless glaring at the judges with their wands out before rocketing upwards, becoming a tiny black dot among grey clouds.

Luna had been bundled into a towel, and someone forced a potion down her throat which caused smoke to come out of her ears. Hiccup leaned away from the woman whose name he had learned was Madam Pomfrey. "Can I skip the potion thing?"

The answer turned out to be no. Astrid kept making fun of him until Hiccup leaned towards her and made the smoke go straight in her face, after which she nearly shoved him in again [and probably would have, if the water were shallower and he didn't have a metal leg]. They had to wait for the other champions to come back - only the blonde one was back already, and she had failed to get her hostage, bearing the marks of an attack by some water creature. Hiccup felt bad for her - failing in a competition with as high stakes as this one must be horrible.

Cedric got back, pulling along someone Hiccup recognized as the girl he'd taken to the dance, just after the hour was up. He and the girl were helped onto the platform, blankets wrapped tightly around them and potions forced down their throats. Hiccup wondered who had gotten the idea to have the underwater task be in February - it was nearly as cold as early winter on Berk.

Krum came next, and Hiccup was startled when the shark head burst above the water before it shrank to show the Bulgarian champion. He must have used magic on himself, and Hiccup was surprised - he didn't think they'd support that kind of dangerous magic here.

The mermaids were accompanying him, since he was the last to return, and carrying a small silver-haired girl. The blonde champion, who was undoubtedly related to her, was fighting to return to the water and seize her sister. She caught the girl in a tight hug when he younger was pulled up to the platform, speaking tearfully in a language Hiccup didn't recognize.

The judges were all in a circle, talking amongst themselves, probably to decide the points. The champions were talking amongst themselves, and Hiccup thought he heard the blonde one telling the other two how he'd flown out to the center of the lake and returned with his hostage on a dragon. Both of the other boys had turned around to stare incredulously at him, and Cedric muttered something along the lines of "No wonder he did so well in the first task."

Dumbledore's magically magnified voice boomed out, silencing any side chatter as people listened to hear the scores.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have reached our decision. Merchieftainess Murcus has told us exactly what happened at the bottom of the lake, and we have therefore decided to award marks out of fifty for each of the champions, as follows. . . .

"Fleur Delacour, though she demonstrated excellent use of the Bubble-Head Charm, was attacked by grindylows as she approached her

goal, and failed to retrieve her hostage. We award her twenty-five points."

Fleur sniffed "I deserved nothing," and held her sister a little bit tighter.

"Harry Potter was the first to return with his hostage, and due to his...unorthodox methods...we award him forty-five points."

Hiccup's insides jumped oddly - from what he remembered of his score from the first task, this kept him solidly in first place.

Krum's headmaster, whose name Hiccup thought also started with a K, was giving him nasty looks from the judge's place. Hiccup ignored him - the man certainly had nothing on Alvin the Treacherous.

"Cedric Diggory, who also used the Bubble-Head Charm, was second to return with his hostage, though he returned one minute outside the time limit of an hour." Enormous cheers came from the yellow students watching, and Hiccup saw Cedric's hostage give him a glowing look. "We therefore award him forty-seven points."

"Viktor Krum used an incomplete form of Transfiguration, which was nevertheless effective, and was second to return with his hostage. We award him forty points." Krum's headmaster clapped loudly, though both he and Krum looked brooding and mildly upset. He had come in third for this task, which was no doubt a bad mark for him.

Dumbledore hushed the crowd again, making sure he was heard. "The third and final task will take place at dusk on the twenty-fourth of June," he said, voice echoing. "The champions will be notified of what is coming precisely one month beforehand. Thank you all for your support of the champions."

People started crowding into the little boats tied to poles, eager to return to shore. Hiccup hurriedly claimed one, having seen the judges start towards him and not wanting to answer their questions. If it went anything like the conversation he'd had with his dad after he discovered Toothless, Hiccup would end up getting Toothless killed for wand parts. He shuddered, and made a resolution to avoid the topic at all costs.

\* \* \*

><p>The resolutions turned out to be a bit difficult to keep up. Hiccup had to dodge Dumbledore and other curious officials numerous times over the next months, and halfway through April was nearly caught making his way into the Forbidden Forest. Hiccup was honestly surprised none of them had been caught before.<p>

Luna had seen the other dragons once. Hiccup had run into her on his way to their hollow. She was feeding some sort of skeletal creature, which whinnied and turned away when Hiccup arrived. Luna had explained what they were, and accompanied Hiccup and waited at the top of the hollow as he fed the dragons.

"They're all very nice," she said as he climbed back up with the empty basket. "Did you train them all yourself?"

"No," said Hiccup, finding himself easily talking with her. "Only Toothless is mine, I just showed the other how to do it."

"So those that arrived with you, you all have dragons?"

"Yeah, it's a recent thing. Everyone's got one now."

"Well, I hope you get back safely then. Time travel is a dangerous thing."

Hiccup jerked around, startled that Luna knew, but she only smiled and vanished back into the forest. Hiccup stared uneasily at the spot she'd disappeared at for a minute or two and decided she must have been a far-seer. How else could she have known?

However Luna knew, she obviously wasn't using it against him, and Hiccup was good with that. Farseers could be a messy business, and he had no intention to mess about with it.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1110 AD, back on Berk<em>

Magicians of all shapes and sizes had been arriving on Berk for weeks, ever since the Elder had [somehow] put out a call. They all went straight to her house, most having to be convinced that the dragons weren't dangerous, as long as they weren't provoked. All sorts of ships were anchored in the harbor, some so small that the Vikings wondered how its occupants had made it all the way north.

There were tall, dark figures who refused to put their hoods down; there was a boy of barely sixteen who held a string of bottles with liquid of all colors in them, and a flask of liquid gold; there was an ancient alchemist who muttered constantly about things that were nonsense to the average Viking. There was also a group of women who talked rapidly in a language no one understood, dressed in rich clothing, and had skin as dark as the wood on their sleek ship.

The people of Berk were nervous, and understandably so. So many of those who were blessed by Loki in one place would do that. Ever since Hiccup had disappeared, months ago [nearly half a year], Stoick had been pressing the Elder for any method she might have to get him and the others back. Valka had been distraught when they first vanished, having just reconnected with her son, but quickly became equally [if not more] determined to have an answer.

That was why the Elder had put out the call. She received each one of the mysterious guests, though it was anyone's guess as to how she fit them all into her little hut, and they plotted and met for days. Stoick was impatient, wanting an answer to his problems but not daring to go inside and demand one. The people inside were unknown to the Vikings, and demanding answers from one would gain unintended consequences - no one wanted to be turned into a toad, or worse.

Their answer took weeks to agree on, and when the strange group called a meeting the Vikings were not sure what to expect.

## 7. Chapter 6 - Arrivals and the Third Task

**\*\*I hope you all appreciated last chapter's ending. I thought the descriptions were quite good. You'll probably all skip this in your eagerness to find out what the meeting was about, but that's fine. I just sort of talk here. Add to the word count a bit. Chapter not quite long enough? No problem. Add something to the word count. I'm serious.\*\***

**\*\*WARNING: Swearing later in the chapter. I'm sorry but that particular character would definitely swear in that given situation.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or Harry Potter.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em>810 AD, Meeting Hall<em>

All of the magicians were gathered at one end of the hall, at the spot Stoick usually spoke from. The Vikings cast them nervous looks, sitting with a gap in between them and whichever magician was closest. They didn't seem to mind, murmuring among themselves as everyone entered the room, until it was practically full to bursting.

The boy turned around. "We've come to a decision," he said, "About the issue we were called here about."

The Vikings leaned forward slightly, eager to hear what they were going to do.

"It is beyond our skill to bring back those who have been lost." The hooded one stated, perfectly still. The Vikings sank back, the parents a little further than the rest.

"But," said one of the dark-skinned women, "It is possible to send someone after them."

"How?" asked Stoick, ever the boldest of them.

"The energy of the magic which took them away was marked and recorded by the Elder," said the other woman.

"It is possible to recreate it," continued the first.

The boy explained a little further. "With the energy from the original still intact, we can make another portal to the same destination, allowing some of you to follow them to wherever - or whenever - they may be."

"How many can go?" It was Valka who asked, sitting higher in her chair.

The Elder raised her hand, two fingers lifted.

\* \* \*

><p>The magic had to be done from the backs of dragons - the children

had been taken over the water, and so over the water was where the new one had to be. A mutual agreement from the other Vikings said that Stoick and Valka would go - they were the Chief and his wife, so of course they had first chance at it.<p>

The magicians had been nervous about getting on the backs of dragons, but it at least freed them to use both hands while the rider directed the dragon. The alchemist was grumbling about how the waves made it harder to work, and the rider of the dragon he was on kept looking back at him nervously.

Eventually a circle knotted together out of rope was laid down carefully on the water, and as it sank slightly the boy magician splashed a ruby liquid onto it, one of the women speaking a few words loudly which were covered by a sudden clap of thunder. The water beneath the circle collapsed, as if a huge hole had suddenly opened beneath the surface. It roared, a chasm of falling water with no visible bottom. Stoick looked down into it nervously.

"Are you ready?" asked the hooded figure tonelessly. He was motionless even on the back of a dragon, and was the only one who had never shown any nervousness.

Stoick took a deep breath and glanced at Valka, who nodded resolutely at him. The two women shouted more words of power, also lost in sudden thunderclaps, and the two leaders dived down into the hole, blackness swallowing them and their dragons as they plummeted down.

\* \* \*

><p><em>1994, late April<em>

Hiccup and Astrid stood up at the same time.

"Did you hear that?" Hiccup asked, looking around at the forest and trying to figure out where the noise had come from.

"Yeah," said Astrid, her hand creeping towards her axe.

There was another noise, a roaring one, like hearing a dragon from a distance.

"Does that sound like Mom's dragon to you?" Hiccup wondered if he was hearing things.

"Don't look at me, I can't tell roars apart."

Toothless was sniffing at the air, and jumping around at the walls of the hollow.

"Whoa, bud, what's wrong?" Hiccup put a steadying hand on Toothless's back. "Astrid, I think he recognizes whatever's out there."

"Let's go look, then." Astrid was already swinging over the edge of the hollow. She reached out a hand and pulled Hiccup up, steadying him. "What do you think?"

"Might as well." Hiccup looked back over the edge. "Toothless. \_Stay. \_Okay? Make sure everyone stays here." Toothless looked a bit



dejected. "Hey, we'll be right back, okay? I promise."

They made their way quickly through the woods, now used to navigating through the trees with the number of time's they had explored in there [really, you thought they stayed near the dragons the whole time?]. They were going deeper and deeper in, closer to the area where they had first arrived.

Hiccup stopped a few feet from where he guessed the noise had come, ducking behind a tree. Astrid hid behind the one next to him. They had come across some weird things in these woods - the spiders had been a particularly unfortunate discovery - and who knew what fresh horror lay in wait.

Something huge was looming behind the trees. It looked like - Cloudjumper?

"What?" muttered Hiccup in confusion, before something grabbed him from behind.

Hiccup was barely surprised, having somehow recognized his dad before actually seeing him, though maybe it was a habit now. Hiccup found himself in a strangling hug, Astrid looking on in surprise.

"Dad-ow- okay I think that's enough hugging!" Hiccup got out, but no sooner had his dad released him than his mom was there, Valka's hug barely less powerful. Stoick nodded a greeting to Astrid, who nodded back in slight shock.

"How did you get here?" Hiccup demanded as soon as Valka let go. Valka smiled at him.

"Did you really think I'd let a little magic get in the way of seeing my son again?" Stoick laughed heartily at that.

"Nothing could stand in the way!" He grinned. "We're Vikings! We've got stubbornness issues."

"I assume you all stayed together?" Valka asked. "The other four are still here too?"

"Yeah," said Astrid. "They're back at the castle."

"Castle?" Stoick asked.

"Oh, you're not going to believe this, dad." said Hiccup with a wry grin.

As they walked back through the forest, Hiccup explained where they were ["It's actually in the pretty far future, but it's not that different."] and how he'd ended up in Berk ["I might have missed some of it, I don't really remember the story."] and that he'd been pulled here when someone entered him in a tournament ["I'm still not sure how the contract managed to be magically binding while I was a thousand years or so in the past, but it did."].

"That's quite a winding tale," remarked Valka when he finally finished. "Worthy of a seasoned minstrel."

"I don't think even a minstrel could come up with something like

that!" said Stoick. "When does this blasted forest end, anyway?"

"Just up-" A roaring sound interrupted Hiccup, all four of the Vikings whipping around.

"That came from the hollow!" Astrid yelled, taking off towards where they had left the dragons minutes ago.

The scene was chaos. Wizards were everywhere, and people Hiccup was sure he recognized from the first task were shooting red everywhere. The dragons were avoiding them as best they could, but already the twin's Zippleback thudded to the ground.

"Stop!" Hiccup yelled as he and Astrid ran into the middle of the frenzy, waving their arms and yelling. "Stop! What are you doing?"

Several of the dragon-keepers stopped in astonishment. Dumbledore, who was standing with another foreign-looking man at the edge of the hollow, gestured for them to continue, not having noticed Hiccup.

Hiccup grabbed one of the attackers. "What are you doing?"

"We're trying to keep the dragons away from the kids," he said angrily. "What do you think? It's dangerous keeping them this close to the school."

"Are you an idiot!" Hiccup yelled, and then stumbled away as Toothless bowled over the man, seeing him as a threat to Toothless. The man raised his wand at the black dragon.

"No!" Hiccup jerked the wand out of the man's grip from five feet away [the man had skidded after Toothless jumped on him] and kept one hand on Toothless. "Toothless, stop it!"

Toothless sat down obediently, still glaring at the man. Two of the dragon-keepers nearest the scene froze in shock as Hiccup petted Toothless, calming him. On the other side of the hollow, Astrid was doing much the same thing, though her plan apparently included knocking out the keepers, if the two unconscious men lying near her were any indication.

"What is going on here?" Dumbledore had risked coming down with his foreign friend, another red-headed man accompanying them with wide eyes.

"I should be asking \_you \_that!" Hiccup faced him angrily. "Attacking our dragons without any provocation?"

"They were a danger, and you would not-" Hiccup interrupted the feeble excuse.

"And me riding Toothless never gave you any idea that, oh, I don't know, maybe they \_weren't dangerous?\_" Hiccup was seething.

"Riding one?" The redhead glanced at the saddle on Toothless's back, while the foreign man gave Dumbledore a disapproving glance.

"Albus," said the man in a heavy accent. "You did not say they were tame."

"Look at this!" Dumbledore protested. "They attacked! That black one nearly took off that fellow's head!"

"Of course they fought, they were defending themselves!" Hiccup shouted back. "You came thundering into their hollow, if you try and shoot a dragon you're going to get bitten!"

The redhead was looking quite abashed by now, but Dumbledore only looked upset, probably because he knew he was losing the argument.

"Here-" Hiccup grabbed the redhead's hand and put it near Toothless, who growled. The redhead looked petrified. "Drop your wand!"

The man looked at Hiccup like he was crazy, but did so. Toothless instantly calmed, looking at the man with curious eyes, and butted his hand in search of pets.

One of the dragon-keepers, out of the crowd that had wandered over during the argument, dropped his wand as well. Hookfang came nosing around them, avoiding all but the one man who was weaponless.

"Incredible!" The accented man gave Hiccup a careful look. "You are the one who tamed the Horntail, are you not?"

Hiccup nodded. Dumbledore quickly seemed to see that there was no point trying to get rid of the dragons now.

"We had no idea," he excused himself. "My dear boy, you must understand, you were not forthcoming with any information-"

"That's cause I know what you do with dragons," Hiccup said hotly. "I saw how you handled the ones for the task- and wands made out of dragon hearts? Excuse me for not wanting any of our dragons to get killed."

"We don't kill dragons for parts," said the redhead, who seemed incredibly offended at the idea. The foreigner seemed similarly offended.

"It seems this had been a misunderstanding," he said to Hiccup, Dumbledore now fully excluded from the conversation. "Perhaps we could meet sometime and discuss your methods? I also see several very unique species-and who is this?" They had finally noticed Stoick and Valka, who were both now standing imposingly behind Hiccup.

"I'm his father," rumbled Stoick, while Valka glared daggers at the dragon-keepers, all of whom started shuffling around nervously and looking anywhere but at her.

The other people glanced around, confused, and Hiccup remembered the problem he'd originally had with the language. "Um, could you use that translator spell again?"

One of the officials complied, Hiccup quickly telling Stoick what to

expect and what it would do. Stoick stood still as it was cast, wincing as he felt it wash over him.

"I'm his father," He repeated in what sounded to them like English, while the official performed the same spell on Valka.

Dumbledore reacted perhaps the worst to that news [he did a double-take and stared openly] but since at this point everybody was ignoring him, no one noticed.

"Pleasure," said the foreigner, smiling. "My name is Stefan Georghiou - this is my English employee, Charlie Weasley - I am the boss of the Romanian Dragon Sanctuary." He offered his hand to Stoick, who left him hanging awkwardly.

Stefan put his hand back down. "Well, perhaps I can send a letter later - in the meantime, would you explain, please, what the dragons are doing here and how you are making sure everything is ok?"

Hiccup and Astrid started talking, explaining together [and sometimes at the same time] how their dragons were perfectly safe as long as no one tried to attack them and they brought food down every day and generally took care of them and made sure no one was bothered. Stefan and the others listened politely until they finished, trailing off when neither of the two Vikings could think of anything relevant to add.

"It seems in order," Stefan remarked. "And if they have been here all year without any incident then I think all will be fine, correct?" He turned to Dumbledore, who as headmaster obviously had the final say.

"I suppose," said Dumbledore, who looked quite surprised. "I must say I didn't realize how much time you were devoting to their care. As long as you continue to do so and no student is harmed, I can see no reason why they cannot stay."

Astrid punched the air and ran over to Stormfly. Hiccup grinned, and then remembered the original purpose. "Oh, um, Dumbledore? I'm sure it's alright if my parents stay until the end of the tournament, right?"

\* \* \*

><p>Life continued on, about as normal as it ever got. Stoick and Valka had been furnished with a room, and the only real difference was Hiccup showing Stoick around Hogwarts [where he talked loudly about how strange it was] and the dragons which now freely flew around Hogwarts. They never went lower than the fourth floor, but students would still point and yell, and it had taken weeks for people to stop screaming and running back inside.<p>

Dumbledore, however, was very busy. The arrival of Hiccup's parents had startled him. He knew that if the public lost their Boy-Who-Lived, they would blame him for not keeping track of the boy. And the boy would never stay at Hogwarts with his adoptive parents to remind him of his 'home'. He was still refusing to attend classes, even. Dumbledore had to think of a way to convince him to stay! A job at the dragon sanctuary might appeal, but the sanctuary was in Romania - nowhere close to England.

Something else had to be done.

A sudden thought entered Dumbledore's mind. Sirius Black had been cleared over the summer, hadn't he? A memory of a newspaper article detailing how he'd been caught in a fight with presumed-dead Peter Pettigrew came to mind. Both men had been put under Veritaserum, resulting in Pettigrew's arrest and lots of apologies from the Ministry towards Sirius.

Sirius was the boy's godfather - he'd do nicely in convincing the boy to remain in England. Dumbledore got up to draft a letter - he'd have to work fast if he wanted this to succeed.

\* \* \*

><p>Sirius Black, who was currently in someplace warm and sunny with his friend Remus [who had come around with sincere apologies once he'd seen the newspapers] when the letter arrived in a flash of fire with a couple red feathers.<p>

"What's that?" Remus sat up from the deck chair Sirius had forced him into.

"Must be from Dumbledore, no one else has got a phoenix." Sirius ripped the letter open, skimming through it. "He'd like us to come back to England and see-Harry? Harry's back?"

"What?" Remus got up to read over Sirius's shoulder. "He's been entered in - give me that." A brief tussle over the letter ensued, which resulted in several newspaper clippings falling out.

Remus snatched them up and read through them quickly. "These are all from the Daily Prophet - about the tournament they brought back. It says he's been entered!" Remus looked up in shock. "How could he have entered himself in the tournament? Harry's only fourteen - didn't they say there was going to be an age limit?"

"Right," said Sirius, getting up as well. "Change of plans. Brazil can wait. My godson needs me."

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup winced as Astrid hit the back of his head. "Ow! What was that for?"<p>

"You haven't done anything to prepare for the last task!" She reminded him, sitting down on the bench next to him.

"We only find out what it is the day of the task, Astrid."

"Exactly!" Astrid pointed at him. "It could be anything!"

"So..." Hiccup trailed off. "What you're saying is to prepare for everything."

"Yes." She looked at him expectantly.

"I can't prepare for everything, Astrid, there's only a month

left."

"We can try." Astrid said, dragging Hiccup out of his seat. "Come one, they're not playing their weird flying game right now and I want to use that open space."

"Why?" Hiccup let himself be pulled out of the dining hall and through the double doors onto the lawn.

"Because that way if someone starts yelling we can at least pretend we were trying to do it somewhere no one else would get hurt."

Astrid was entirely too cheerful about this, Hiccup mused, probably because she wasn't the one competing.

The pitch was indeed deserted, and so Astrid wasted no time in setting up the obstacle course that she had prepared and hidden there ahead of time.

"The giant guy helped me make them," Astrid told Hiccup as she dragged them onto the pitch. "He's very good at carving. Not as intimidating as he looks."

Hiccup went along with the idea of an obstacle course for his girlfriend's sake.

"Quick!" Astrid hollered. "You jump over that and find a huge pit below your feet! What do you do?"

"Uh-" Hiccup looked at the solid ground under his feet. "Grab the hurdle and hope it holds my weight?"

"Good enough." Astrid sighed. "It sucks that you can't use Toothless to help you." After the dragon fiasco Dumbledore had forbidden Hiccup from using outside help to complete the third task, be it human or dragon.

"It's only fair," Hiccup said. "Unless we put the other three on dragons." He saw a dangerous light enter Astrid's eyes. "Astrid, no, I was joking-"

"I have a new idea," Astrid announced. "Hurry up and help me put this stuff away before those students come whining to us about how we ruined the field."

Sure enough, there were a bunch of blue-clad people coming across the field, sticks in hand. "I don't get," said Hiccup, lifting up a bundle of hurdles with some effort, "Why it's a problem? Their sport isn't even on the ground. They could just...fly over the stuff we put out."

"They're wizards," said Astrid, carrying some more hurdles past him. "From what I understand, they're not supposed to make sense."

\* \* \*

><p>"What does he want now?"<p>

Hiccup had been asked to come up to Dumbledore's office, but the

messenger [a girl in yellow robes] just shrugged when he asked. Ever since the Dragon Incident, Hiccup had been a little wary of the man, and Valka had decided to come with him.

When he managed to find his way to the gargoyle which guarded the staircase, Hiccup realized he didn't know the password. "Um..."

The gargoyle creaked and bent over to look at him. "You are the boy?"

"Yes...?" Hiccup had jumped back, not expecting it to move.

The gargoyle leaped aside. Dumbledore had obviously realized the same thing Hiccup had. He and Valka took the stairs up and entered the office.

Dumbledore was at his desk, two men already seated in front of him. They both turned around when Hiccup arrived, looks of surprise on their faces.

"Harry?" ventured one of them.

\_Odin's beard not more of this. \_"I don't usually go by that," said Hiccup, irritation clear. "And I'm getting kind of tired of everyone calling me that because \_someone \_keeps giving them the wrong name." He looked pointedly at Dumbledore. Both of the men turned around to look at Dumbledore, who was wearing a chagrined expression.

"My apologies." He said, somewhat insincerely. "Perhaps introductions are in order? This is Remus Lupin and Sirius Black - Sirius was appointed as your godfather by your parents."

"His birth parents," Valka corrected Dumbledore. Sirius gave her an appraising look, which Remus hit him for.

"Ow! Sorry...so who are you?" Sirius asked.

Valka gave him a frosty look. "I'm his mother."

Remus tried to salvage the situation. "It's very nice to meet you - both of you." He smiled at Hiccup. "We knew your birth parents very well, but of course neither of us have seen you since you were a baby."

"I thought it would be a good time to reunite you," Dumbledore was undoubtedly smiling behind his beard - you could practically hear it. "Perhaps you would like to talk somewhere else? I am sure you and Sirius have lots to tell Mr - \_Hiccup \_about his parents."

Thankfully, both Sirius and Remus had had too much interaction with the magical world to actually express their surprise over Hiccup's name. "That sounds fine," said Sirius.

Hiccup shrugged. "I have to do some stuff, but you can come along," he said.

\* \* \*

><p>"Sooo," Sirius trailed off. "What exactly is this stuff that you

have to do?"<p>

"Get food for Toothless and the others," said Hiccup nonchalantly. He was leading the other two down the path to the kitchens, and Sirius was doing his best to make conversation.

"Toothless?"

"He's...a pet, sort of. It's a surprise." Hiccup was trying not to smile and give it away. Sirius, though, saw right through it.

"Are you pranking us?" He said incredulously. "Moony! Look at this! He's just like we were!" He grinned hugely. "Tell me you set up something good."

Hiccup glanced at Sirius, wondering if he was alright. "I guess? Wizards seem to...it works well on them." They came to the portrait which hid the kitchens, and Hiccup tickled the handle out.

A house-elf popped up right away when the door opened. "Hiccup sir is wanting his food, right?"

"Uh, yeah." Hiccup would never get used to them. The elf popped away and brought back a slightly smelly basket, which Hiccup hauled over his shoulder. "Thanks." The elf looked slightly tearful at that, but the door closed again before it could say anything.

"How much food do you need?" Remus was eyeing the basket suspiciously.

"Never mind that," Sirius whispered. "How big do you think this pet is?"

They both got even more nervous when it became apparent that, once outside the school, they were heading straight for the Forbidden Forest.

"We can't go in the forest!"

"No worries, we got permission a while ago. It's not like they can stay in the school." Hiccup confidently strode through the trees, Sirius and Remus following behind considerably slower.

It was their pace that caused them to be several feet away when Hiccup jumped over the edge of the hollow.

"What's down there the- holy shit!" Sirius scrambled away from the edge as Hookfang's head rose over the edge, staring right at them.

"Hookfang!" Hiccup's yell made the dragon turn back around. "Stop terrorizing them!" The head descended again, far enough for the two fully-grown wizards to feel safe peeking over the edge of the hollow.

"You can come down," Hiccup said dryly from where Toothless was nuzzling him enthusiastically. The dragon started licking. "Toothless! Eugh!" Hiccup rolled out from underneath. "\_How \_many times?"



"Holy shit," Sirius whispered again, for an entirely different reason.

Hiccup eventually had to go and drag them down, due to the inherent fear of dragons all wizards seemed to have. Of course, the way they treated them, it was probably for a reason.

"I've never seen dragons like this before," said Remus in awe, staring at Toothless [who wasn't that much of an impressive sight, considering he had his head buried in the basket]. "What breed are they?"

"He's a Night Fury," said Hiccup, dragging the basket away from Toothless so the others could have some. "You have had enough! You share the fish, Toothless. Share. They're very rare," he directed the last part towards Remus. "He's the only one I've ever seen."

Sirius looked suitably impressed. "My godson is awesome," he said fake-tearfully. "I may have to hand over my title." Hiccup gave him a strange look, not understanding the reference.

Remus saw Hiccup's confusion and rolled his eyes. "Sirius has claimed to hold the title of 'awesomest' for years." he explained dryly.

"I am," Sirius said. "And nothing can change that."

There was a pause in the conversation, and no one was really sure what to say.

"So-" Sirius cleared his throat. "Dumbledore explained the whole, uh, Viking thing. That's pretty weird."

Hiccup shrugged. "Not really. I mean, I guess it is to you, but to me this place is weirder."

"We grew up in different eras," said Remus. "It makes sense that you would have different views."

"What about the...er, your leg?" Sirius gestured to the prosthetic, trying not to show how upset he was about it. A kid shouldn't have a fake leg. "Did you lose it raiding the British or something?"

"Oh, that." Hiccup laughed nervously. "We didn't do a whole lot of raiding. Um, it's sort of...a really long story. It \_may \_have been bitten off. By Toothless."

"What?"

"No, it's okay!" Hiccup reassured the two who had swung around to look at the black dragon. "He was actually trying to rescue me, and it was sort of fair, since I did kind of shoot him down and accidentally cut off part of his tail."

Toothless was hovering over Hiccup in curiosity, eyes open and calm. The two men could clearly see, as his tail swished around, the bright red prosthetic fin.

"You gave a dragon a fake tail," Remus said deadpan.

"Now I've seen it all," muttered Sirius, craning around to get a

better look. "How does that work? Doesn't their tail move around a lot?"

"It was hard to do, but that's what this is for," Hiccup enthusiastically showed off the pedal that controlled the tail. "I had to make some alterations after I got my leg, but see, it flips around-" he demonstrated for their benefit. "-And it hooks in here, see it's a sort of pedal, and then that controls how much the tail is open. He can't really fly unless I'm on him or I lock it here - I can do this and then the fin stays open on its own."

"Wow." Remus wasn't kidding. It was a very elaborate harness which stretched down the dragon's tail, and for a kid to have made it himself was very impressive. "How old were you when you made this?"

"Um-" Hiccup frowned, thinking. "Fifteen, I think?"

"\_Fif\_teen?" Sirius's stomach dropped. "But you're only fourteen!"

"No...? I'm not?" Hiccup looked apologetic. "Look, with time-travel and all, there's going to be a bit of a difference."

"How old are you, then?" Remus asked.

"Twenty, I think? Birthdays aren't huge at home, so it's hard to keep track."

"Twenty." Sirius sat down with a dry laugh. "I came thinking my godson needed me and you're an adult already!"

Hiccup looked very uncomfortable with this line of conversation. Remus sighed and sat down next to Sirius, then glanced up at Hiccup. "You don't have to stay if you-"

Hiccup gratefully hightailed it to the other side of the enclosure, where he could give them complete privacy and play with the dragons. He didn't do well with emotional scenes.

\* \* \*

><p>"Who's he?" Astrid asked, sitting up as Hiccup came into the common room all of their rooms were joined to. He was followed by Sirius and Remus.<p>

"Apparently they were friends of the Potter's," Hiccup explained, not noticing Sirius wince as he referred to what most people saw as his real parents in such a distant manner.

"Hi," Sirius waved, looking around and seeing the axe propped in the corner. "Holy-"

Astrid saw where he was looking. "Oh, that's mine. I was practicing with it - don't want to get rusty." She stood up, then wrinkled her nose. "Eugh, Hiccup. You fed the dragons, didn't you?"

"Yeah. Too bad their favorite food smells so bad, right?" Hiccup grinned wryly.

"Uh huh." Astrid waved vaguely at him. "Can't you use magic to get rid of the smell?"

"You don't seem to mind the rest of the time."

"Fine, then." Astrid turned her back on him. "No hello kiss for you."

"What?"

Sirius decided to help Hiccup out, and dispelled the smell for him. Hiccup, noticing it, glanced at Sirius and sniffed himself experimentally.

"Okay, fine, it's gone." He joined Astrid by the sofa. "Was that a kiss I was promised?"

Astrid smirked at pecked him on the cheek. "There you go."

"Thank you."

"No problem. Now introduce me to your new friends."

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid and Sirius got along like a house on fire, much to the dismay of Remus and Hiccup - the latter sad that he couldn't spend as much time with Astrid, and the former worried for the collective safety andor sanity of Hogwarts.

His fears were proven when, walking through the halls and talking with Hiccup, Astrid and Sirius sprinted past them with arms full of some colorful balls.

"Was that-" Hiccup twisted around and watched them disappear around a corner in seconds. "What were they carrying?"

"I don't think we want to know."

A group of girls suddenly rounded the far corner, running so fast and wearing such angry expressions they could only have been chasing someone. Remus wisely ducked into an alcove, and pulled Hiccup in after him. They watched the girls run past. Hiccup had the strangest feeling he recognized some of them, though it was a difficult task, what with the new - and varied - appendages they all sported.

"Were their robes...bright pink and yellow?" Hiccup wrinkled his nose.

"I knew it," sighed Remus. "There's no way he could have held himself back for so long."

"Was their \_hair \_changed too?" Hiccup twisted around awkwardly to look at Remus. "Sirius did this?"

Remus smiled wryly. "We had quite a reputation back in our school days - your father, Sirius, and I. There was a fourth, but..." Remus changed topics. "Anyway, we all enjoyed a good prank as much as the next person - myself, I kept to smaller things, just making life a little more inconvenient for people. Your fa-" He noticed the look on

Hiccup's face, somewhere between a wince and a desire not to interrupt - "James, I mean, and Sirius, usually pulled off far more elaborate and - well, slightly mean-spirited pranks. Not all of them, though, but they were a little less careful about people's feelings than I tried to be." Remus felt he had gotten a bit off the point. "I'm not trying to say that James was-"

"No, I get it." said Hiccup quickly, hoping to avoid a lecture on how amazing his 'real parents' were. "He was a jerk but then stopped being one, right?"

Remus looked relieved. "Yes. His school years weren't-"

"So Sirius convinced Astrid to...prank someone?"

"Most likely. Though why such a random group of girls, I have no idea. They looked to be all different ages - and from what I could see of the crests, different Houses."

Hiccup got a sinking feeling in his stomach. He groaned. "Oh no..."

"What? What's wrong?" Remus asked, concerned.

"I think I know who they decided to prank." Astrid, Hiccup thought, was probably the only girlfriend who would still be holding a grudge against them now. The Yule Ball had been months ago.

And it wasn't like he had said yes to any of them.

\* \* \*

><p>The field that the Third Task took place on was the sport field Hiccup and Astrid had used to train. Someone had been growing hedges there for the past few weeks, and now the bushes towered above the champions who stood in front of them.<p>

Hiccup craned his neck up to see the top of them, higher than even Hagrid's head.

They had been brought down here from dinner in the hall, and the stands usually reserved for quidditch matches were packed to bursting with students and teachers. The three headmasters, the judges for the tournament, and the four champions were standing on the small grassy area before the task began. Hiccup glanced up towards the seats and saw Astrid waving, Stoick and Valka seated next to her and the other four on her other side. Stoick was taking up at least half a bench on his own, attracting several dirty looks from the people who had to sit in the aisle.

There was a gap looming in the closest wall of the maze - the entrance. The path beyond it was dark and gloomy-looking. Hiccup swallowed nervously.

Three of the professors from the school walked onto the field, all wearing large red stars on their hats which lit up.

"We are going to be patrolling the outside of the maze," said Professor McGonagall to the champions. "If you get into difficulty, and wish to be rescued, send red sparks into the air, and one of us

will come and get you, do you understand?"

Everyone nodded, but none of the champions seemed to be concentrating fully on her. The maze was quite an intimidating sight.

The yellow-wearing judge pointed his wand at his throat and muttered something. His voice boomed out. "Ladies and gentlemen, the third and final task of the Triwizard Tournament is about to begin! Let me remind you how the points currently stand! In first place, with eighty-seven points, Mr. Hiccup!" The cheers and applause were scattered, as some still resented Hiccup, but barely anyone refused to clap. "In second place, with eighty points - Mr. Cedric Diggory, of Hogwarts school! In third place - Mr. Viktor Krum, of Durmstrang Institute!" More applause, especially loud for Cedric, who seemed to be a favorite. "And in fourth place - Miss Fleur Delacour, of Beauxbatons Academy!"

"So - oh my whistle, Hiccup!" Bagman winked at Hiccup, who smiled back nervously and settled his flight helmet on his head. The fire sword was at his waist, and Sirius had given him several small bottles ['to be used in an emergency, in case you don't know the right spell'] which were held securely in a pouch on his belt.

The whistle pierced the air, and Hiccup ran into the entrance of the maze before he lost his nerve.

It was as dark and gloomy as it had looked from the outside. It was getting darker by the minute, as the sun set and the sky turned from a tinted orange and blue to a deep navy color.

Hiccup weaved through the maze, guessing and taking random turns. He wasn't sure where he was going, but knew that the prize was supposed to be in the center. The hedges prevented anyone from seeing the center itself, and Hiccup guessed that the only way to tell you were near the center was to be about five feet away from it.

Left, left, dead end, retrace, go forward, right, left, right. The number of turns he'd taken seemed endless, the lack of obstacles unnerving. Shouldn't he have run into something by now?

As Hiccup thought that, he stumbled across a strange gold mist. It floated an inch or so above the ground, not moving and altogether nonthreatening. Hiccup had inked a Rune of Sight onto the inside of his helmet; the mist was definitely magical, that was clear, but there was no evil effect that he could see. Hiccup took a deep breath and stepped through it, stumbling forward several times. The world spun around him and then righted itself just as abruptly, and he had to take a moment to reorient himself with the ground. That particular hurdle overtaken, Hiccup hurried on.

He kept running into dead ends, and twice took the same route. Eventually, Hiccup located a new path, and hurried along it, the conjured witchlight in his palm throwing strange shadows up onto the hedges.

Someone screamed. Hiccup whirled around, trying to locate where it had come from. It had sounded like the blonde-haired girl, and Hiccup stared into the sky, searching for a trace of the red sparks they were supposed to send up. Nothing came.

That was foreboding. Had she gotten out of trouble, or could she not reach her wand? The shout had come from somewhere to Hiccup's right - he took the first right turn he could, but in this maze he knew it would be nearly impossible to find anyone else. He hadn't seen any of the other champions since before he entered the maze.

Hiccup was running along a straight path when he heard footsteps echoing his own. He stopped, confused and wondering if this was some new challenge, when he heard the footsteps continue on without him moving. There was only one person, and they panted heavily as they ran, soon passing Hiccup by and fading away.

Hiccup continued, easing into another run when it happened again, footsteps almost in time with his. He stopped dead in his tracks this time, and listened carefully as again someone ran past on a path next to his and kept going, the sound of their feet fading away.

Now thoroughly spooked, Hiccup continued, walking as quietly as he could, but no more footsteps other than his own were heard. After about ten minutes he made a turn and started running again. The increasing darkness and gloom of the maze made Hiccup sure he was getting closer - it must have been meant to discourage people from going that way.

There was another shout from behind him, this time a male one. Hiccup turned around in time to see a shower of red sparks burst in the air, hovering and marking a spot in the maze. Wondering who had gone down, Cedric or Krum, Hiccup turned back around and continued on his way.

The next straight path was blocked. The witchlight showed a strange creature, with a human head and a lion's body. Hiccup felt a thrill of fear - he had never seen anything like this.

The head turned towards him. It was a woman, and she watched him with slitted pupils. On a dragon, those meant anger or that it was upset, but Hiccup wasn't sure if the same rules applied here. The creature was pacing from one side of the path to another, blocking his progress.

It spoke finally, in a deep voice which startled Hiccup.

"You are very near your goal. The quickest way is past me."

"So ... so will you move, please?" Hiccup was sure he knew the answer before he spoke.

"No," she said, continuing to pace. "Not unless you can answer my riddle. Answer on your first guess - I let you pass. Answer wrongly - I attack. Remain silent - I will let you walk away from me unscathed."

Oh joy. Hiccup was never very good at riddles, but hopefully this one wouldn't be too bad.

"Okay," he said, steeling himself. "Could I hear the riddle? Please?" It couldn't hurt to be polite.

The creature sat down in the middle of the path and recited a riddle, as if from memory.

"\_This thing all things devours\_  
\_Birds, beasts, trees, flowers,\_  
\_Gnaws iron, bites steel,\_  
\_Grinds hard stone to meal\_  
\_Slays king, ruins town,\_  
\_And brings high mountain down."\_

Great Odin's beard Hiccup was screwed. He thought frantically, casting about for a solution. "Could I have that again?" He asked. The creature smiled and repeated it for him.

"Okay..." Hiccup muttered, starting to pace himself. "Kills everything. What could kill everything? A giant? No, a giant can't topple a mountain. Um, what could break metal and rock...a dragon? No dragon's big enough to bring down a mountain. Unless it was an alpha..." Hiccup's verbal train of thought derailed as he pondered it. A dragon could be the answer, but he had a feeling that that wasn't it. There was no way his luck could be that good. And besides, if it was wrong, he'd have to fight his way out, while if he got the right answer the creature seemed perfectly willing to let him go.

\_Maybe it's not a real thing, \_Hiccup thought suddenly. \_Maybe it's just a concept, like...\_

"Time!" He shouted out triumphantly, having come across the answer purely by luck. The creature smiled broadly and moved out of the way, allowing him to pass. Hiccup walked past her carefully, nodding as he passed. The creature seemed surprised, but if it was willing to be this peaceful Hiccup would pay it as much respect as it deserved.

Hiccup soon came to a crossroads in the maze, four paths branching off. He glanced down each of them, just to see if he could make out any monsters, and while the first three faded into darkness, a bright white cup on a plinth stood gleaming at the end of the fourth.

Hiccup gaped for a moment, struck dumb at his pure luck, and then took off at a run towards the cup. A dark figure exploded out of the path that ran onto his - Cedric was right in front of him. Hiccup might have been older, and had longer legs, but Cedric wasn't the one trying to run with a fake leg. Hiccup, giving up any dream that he might be faster than the other boy, slammed his hands to the ground and poured out his magic, writing runes and creating a wall in front of Cedric.

The wizard was brought up short, and as he whirled around Hiccup managed to catch up to him. "Sorry," Hiccup said, entirely unapologetic, "But it's not going to be that easy."

Cedric looked shaken and pale, now that Hiccup was closer, but he was apparently determined to win. His knuckles were white as he gripped his wand tightly. "Are you going to fight me for it?" he

asked.

Hiccup opened his mouth to reply, but suddenly closed it again as something thudded on the other side of the wall. He and Cedric looked at each other with wide eyes, and Hiccup slammed a hand over the other champion's mouth as he saw the wizard open it to ask something.

They stayed like that, completely frozen and quiet, until whatever was on the other side had passed by and its loud steps had faded into the distance.

Hiccup looked down slightly at the other champion.

"I'm not going to fight you for it," he said, voice slightly muffled by the helmet, and vaulted over the wall he'd created.

Hiccup landed unsteadily but got to his feet and ran as fast as he could for the cup. He could hear Cedric struggling over the wall, and Hiccup was only halfway to the cup before he heard Cedric hit the ground and start running. Before long Cedric was matching him, running faster with two working legs, and they lunged for the cup at the same time, two hands closing over two separate handles and something jerked on Hiccup's lower back, lifting him off his feet and pulling him into a dizzying whirl of color.

\* \* \*

><p>On one edge of the maze, Toothless's head jerked up, as he abruptly smelled Hiccup disappear. He could see no more moving figures in the bright center, and he pushed himself into the air with a rustle of wings. He roared, the sound echoing over the grounds and reaching the forest, where the other dragons lifted themselves up and joined him.<p>

Toothless took off like a rocket, making sure to leave a trace for the others to follow, and went racing off to find Hiccup.

Because a dragon, no matter where he is, can \_always\_ find his master.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Tada. I am so sorry this has taken so long to get uploaded. I have no excuse. I'm not sure if the last bit is too much of a Deus Ex Machina, but review and let me know what you think!<strong>

## 8. Chapter 7 - The Graveyard and Home Again

\*\*I'm really sorry that it's taken me this long to update! I've been on a bit of a kick with my other story, \*\*\*\*\_The Accidental Vessel, \_\*\*\*\*and so I haven't had a lot of time.\*\*

\*\*But no worries! Next chapter is here, graveyard scene is complete, and for your benefit let me explain you a thing:\*\*

\*\*I'm working off the assumption that Hiccup does not actually have a Horcrux in his head. Because, come on, it's a popularly explode plot



hole: if an accidental Horcrux is so easily made, why weren't there hundreds of them all over Britain every time Voldemort killed someone? Basically, I think it would need to be a lot more intentional for Hiccup to have a Horcrux in him. So he doesn't.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, I hope you enjoy the chapter! I'll try to make it long enough to satisfy you guys, and I hope it will live up to your expectations!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or Harry Potter.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup stumbled as he hit the ground and tripped, sprawling over dirt only slightly overgrown with grass. He heard a grunt next to him, presumably Cedric landing as well. He got up carefully, scanning his surroundings and wondering what kind of magic the cup had been enchanted with.<p>

He saw Cedric sitting up on the ground, looking around in equal confusion. "Where are we?" He asked.

The cup had brought them somewhere very strange indeed. Fog lingered heavily over the ground, and it was pitch-black out, making it nearly impossible to see. Hiccup left his helmet on, though, wary of an attack that might come suddenly. He unsheathed his sword, the flames igniting and making Cedric jump as he got to his feet. The blade illuminated a small area around them, showing nothing but dirt. The light gleamed off of smooth stone, and Hiccup felt a chill when he realized that there were names engraved onto them.

Names and \_dates.\_

"We're in a graveyard," Cedric whispered. "I don't think the cup was supposed to bring us here."

Hiccup nodded. "Wand out?"

Cedric nodded, gripping his wand tightly in nervousness. The two circled around, having abruptly gone from competitors to allies in a possibly hostile situation. The graveyard did nothing to help calm their nerves, and if anything, the black field and the wisps of fog only made it more ominous.

They both whirled around as a shuffling noise was heard from behind Hiccup, muffled by the fog. A shape emerged, silhouetted and lumpy against the white, foggy backdrop.

"\_Kill the spare." \_A harsh voice sounded from that general direction, and Hiccup barely pulled Cedric aside in time for the sickly green beam to miss him. It impacted somewhere in the distance, and Hiccup thought he heard stone crumble and fall. Cedric's head banged against the ground as they toppled over, and he winced and held a hand to it as the figure approached.

"Play dead," Hiccup hissed, and Cedric went still underneath him as he obviously understood the danger they were in. Hiccup stood and warily faced the figure, subtly slipping a hand down to his

belt.

"Harry Potter," the same harsh voice hissed, and Hiccup gave it no more time to speak as he abruptly hurled one of the potions Sirius had given him at the figure. It dodged, a smaller shape dislodging itself from the shadow, and the bottle broke with a tinkle that was nearly lost in the ensuing roar as the liquid exploded violently. Hiccup lunged behind a tombstone, hoping that it would be enough to shield him, but the blast was far away enough that he was out of the blast radius. Unfortunately, so were the two shadow people.

"You fool!" Hissed the voice, and as Hiccup conjured a witchlight he almost dropped it again as he located the voice's source. There on the ground was a strange bundle, only the size of a baby, but whatever was in it was most definitely not a baby, but some mutilated and scabbed creature. Hiccup hurled another potion at it, but this was deflected by a shield which was abruptly conjured by the larger one. He turned out to be a man, ratlike and dirty, wielding a short brown wand and a twisted expression.

He fired a blast at Hiccup, and as Hiccup shouted a word of command it was lost in a sudden thunderclap. A shield sprang into being in front of him, reflecting the spell back at its conjurer, who dodged and nearly landed on the small creature, which hissed in displeasure. Hiccup threw one more potion, aware that he now had only half of them left, and this one was deflected straight back at him.

Hiccup was thrown back by the blast, and he hit one of the tombstones hard, slumping down onto the ground. Groggily he realized that the man was approaching him, and he tried to get away while at the same time dealing with the sudden foggiess in his head.

Ropes sprang out of nowhere, binding him to the stone and Hiccup thrashed as the man came even closer. Hiccup had dropped his sword somewhere and couldn't use it to cut himself out, and he yelled as something sharp cut through the vambraces on his suit and bit into his skin. He was barely aware of what the man was doing, but noticed faintly when he left. Hiccup pulled himself sharply back to attention, wincing at the pain in his arm and trying to stop the copious bleeding.

The rattish man had retrieved the small creature and was bending over a huge black pot, saying something in a quavery voice. He was too far away for Hiccup to make out the words, but Hiccup's heart sank as he saw a thin trail of dust pull itself out of a nearby grave and dump itself into the pot. The liquid steamed and hissed, and then next part made Hiccup shut his eyes seconds before the man cut off his own forearm, letting that splash into the pot as well.

Dark magic, Hiccup realized with a thrill of terror. The cup had brought him here on purpose - someone had counted on him winning and getting to the cup first.

What was the point of this? He had taken blood from Hiccup, which boded no good. Was this some sort of necromancy? Was the man trying to summon some sort of demon out of the depths of Niffleheim? No answers presented themselves to Hiccup's slowly recovering mind.

The man was concentrating so hard on whatever ritual he was performing, and Hiccup so much on him, neither of them noticed Cedric

sneak up behind Hiccup. Hiccup jumped as someone whispered behind him, but the cut on his arm abruptly stopped bleeding, and the ropes loosened enough for Hiccup to pull away from the stone he'd been tied to and join Cedric on the other side. His head still throbbed and his back ached from where it had hit the tombstone, but Hiccup did his best to pretend it wasn't there and keep going.

"Thanks," he whispered to Cedric.

Cedric nodded, pale and clutching his wand. "Who is that?" he whispered back. Hiccup replied with a shrug.

"Look," he muttered to Cedric, drawing closer so that he could talk more quietly. "We need to sneak up on him. That's some sort of dark ritual, and I don't know what it's doing. I say we use the fog to camouflage ourselves and try and sneak up on them - if they can't see us, they can't hit us."

The other boy nodded firmly. "Should we split up?"

Hiccup nodded an affirmative. "Do your best not to get killed, then," he said, and stooped to pick up his sword before running into the fog.

He prowled along the edges of the open circle where the ritual was being conducted. The fire lit underneath the cauldron ensured that the area around it was relatively well-lit, and so Hiccup hung back a fair distance, staying just close enough to see what was happening. Luckily, the suit allowed him to blend in better, its dark colors making him nearly invisible against the black backdrop of sky. Hiccup was sure he had seen Cedric turn the yellow patches on his uniform black, obviously getting the same idea.

The ritual continued, the man unaware that his prisoner had escaped already. Hiccup reached for another one of the vials of exploding potion, when a sudden backlash from the cauldron dissipated the fog and made him scramble backwards for cover. Whatever was going on, it had just gotten serious.

Hiccup watched in fascinated horror as a \_man \_formed out of the remains of the cauldron, the pot itself melting and reforming into wisps that solidified again into a pair of robes which draped the pale man's body. The new, taller man lifted his hands and examined them, unaware of his two horrified audience members.

"Well done, Wormtail," he said, his voice vastly different and taking on a more snakelike, sibilant tone. "You have actually done it."

"Yes, master," the ratlike man said, a sob in his voice, and Hiccup really couldn't muster up any sympathy for the man. He had cut off his hand out of his own free will, after all.

The taller man carelessly waved the wand that was handed to him at the helper, silver being conjured and forming itself into a new hand for the rat man, who gazed at in delight and awe.

"Thank you," he gasped, but the taller man ignored him, seizing his other arm and drawing the sleeve back. Hiccup couldn't see what was on it, but as the pale man pressed his wand tip to it the smaller one

howled in pain, as if he were being branded.

A multitude of cracks sounded, displacing air as black-robed figures appeared out of nowhere after mere minutes. The pale man began to speak, gliding up and down in front of them as he gave some sort of speech. He seemed upset with them, and as he paused at the spaces in the black figure's ranks Hiccup carefully crept closer to listen.

The gaps were absent members, it seemed, and Hiccup's blood froze when he heard that one of them was at Hogwarts. Was there a spy? Was that why getting through the maze had been so easy? He forced himself to listen closer, as the man expressed his displeasure with some of those who were obviously his minions, for lack of a better word. He strode up to some of them and ripped their masks off, forcing them to their knees. Hiccup tried to look closer at the masks, but all he could make out between the fog and his helmet were glints of moonlight off of silver, the eyeholes dead and black in the darkness.

The pale man seemed to satisfy his need to exert his superiority over his minions, and he turned around to face the spot where Hiccup had been tied mere minutes ago.

The entire scene seemed to freeze, and the tension in the air thickened until it was nearly as tangible as the fog which still drifted. Hiccup had been encouraging it this whole time, dropping tiny written runes onto the ground, which meant that now the entire graveyard was blanketed in a thick, white cover that was impossible to see through. It might make it harder to see their enemies, but that worked both ways.

"Where is he?" The scream ripped through the graveyard and Hiccup swore that it left a trail in the ever-thickening fog. "Wormtail you said you tied him up!"

"I did, master, I promise!" The rat man wailed, and then something happened that made him scream. Hiccup winced as the sound traveled through the fog, reaching him all too clearly.

"Where is he?" The pale man hissed, holding the man under some sort of spell that had him thrashing around on the ground.

Hiccup decided that this would be the perfect time to intervene, while the man was distracted.

He wanted to know where Hiccup was?

\_Let him try and find me, \_thought Hiccup defiantly, and hurled one of the potion bombs into the center of the circle of black-robed figures.

It exploded magnificently, and Hiccup took a moment to thank Sirius mentally as he dashed through the fog. It was a good thing he hadn't used any of them in the maze. He heard shouts and yells from behind him, and Hiccup circled around to remain near the fight. He couldn't just abandon Cedric to them. Lights flashed through the thick fog, and as Hiccup darted closer he could hear the shouted spells that these wizards seemed to favor.

He quickly sketched a few runes in the ground with the toe of his boot, whispering command words that had the ground growing and twisting, creating a wall as thick as two men and as long as ten. Hiccup darted around it, hearing confused yells that told him the robes figures had noticed his remodeling.

There was a sudden, aborted shout, and then silence. Hiccup lingered invisibly as someone - it sounded like a man - shouted out to him.

"We've got your friend, Potter!" They yelled. "Come out if you'd like him to stay alive!"

Hiccup froze, then ducked quickly behind another tombstone to think. He had to get Cedric out, but there was no way he could just surrender himself to these people. There had to be another option.

'Another option' presented itself in the form of a low, growled warble and the stars overhead being blotted out by a small, black shape.

Hiccup unsheathed his sword and raised it above his head. Undoubtedly the robed figures could see it, so he levitated two more of the potions [leaving him with only one] and detonated them on opposite sides, leaving three fiery beacons in the night for them to choose from.

Toothless swept by completely silently and Hiccup swung himself on as the dragon passed, sheathing his sword so as not to burn the saddle and hurriedly hooking himself into place. The fog was barely disturbed as Toothless rose up again, and Hiccup got a clear look at the scene.

The pale man stood in the center, surrounded by maybe twenty black-robed figures. Hiccup decided to call them shades. One of the shades was holding Cedric by the throat, with their wand pressed to his throat. They appeared to be looking around nervously, but no one thought to look up, and even so Toothless was too high for even the firelight to reflect off his scales and give them a clue.

Hiccup had an idea. The fire from the ritual was still burning, so he conjured some water and held it carefully, levitating next to him as Toothless flew, and as he passed over the circle again he dumped it on the fire. There were several shrieks, and in the abrupt darkness that settled Hiccup knew that the shades must be nearly blind without it, at least until their eyes adjusted. As he directed Toothless up again Hiccup saw the other dragons circling, waiting for the signal to begin. They were also carrying riders, and Hiccup was glad that this time, his friends had appreciated the need for silence. Hiccup glanced up and saw two more dragons silhouetted above him - one small figure and one with four large wings. He smiled and looked back down.

Stormfly soared close to Toothless, and Astrid communicated her question with the signals all Vikings knew, in case of a silence-necessary scenario: what now? When do we attack?

Hiccup communicated his plan back to her, and Astrid nodded. Another yell came from below as she broke off and flew towards Snotlout.

"I know you're there!" shouted the shade holding Cedric. "Time's ticking, Potter! Will you really sacrifice your friend?" He dug the wand point deeper into Cedric's throat, wrenching a pained grunt from the wizard.

Hiccup swooped down and Toothless had yanked Cedric from the shade's grasp before any of them could understand what was happening, much less react.

In that split second, chaos descended on the graveyard.

Eight Vikings descended, war cries on their lips and dragons roaring, the yells alone enough to temporarily shock and freeze the shades in place.

Snotlout had hitched a ride on Stormfly, giving Hookfang the opening to light himself on fire. He did so, the huge dragon towering over the screaming shades, fire licking up his sides as he soared over them, torching those too slow to escape. The pale man's eyes were wide, revealing the fact that they were also bright red.

A demon, Hiccup decided, and definitely from Niffleheim. He patted Toothless with the special pattern he had trained him to recognize, and Toothless blasted the man.

Unfortunately, magic had to be brought into the equation.

The man shielded himself, and he stared murderously as Hiccup swooped overhead, Toothless still near invisible now that the fire had gone out. Hiccup directed Toothless up and dropped Cedric, the boy too surprised to yell before he landed hard behind Astrid on Stormfly.

"Nice to see you too!" Astrid yelled at him as Stormfly tried to torch a couple of shades, whipping out her axe and giving them both new necklaces as she flew by, the shades having dropped their shields as soon as they believed themselves to be safe. "Don't just sit there, put that magic to use!"

Hiccup was doing much the same thing, dropping stones hastily conjured and inscribed with runes onto the ground. There they grew into huge walls, or vines which entangled themselves with each other so thickly and grew such huge thorns that the shades were soon trapped in a huge circle, the walls preventing them from getting out. Cloudjumper was hovering over the scene, and Valka was directing her from her back. The four-winged dragon's blasts heated up the ground around where they hit, and that sent shades hopping out of the way even if they managed to drop it. Stoick was roaring as he fought on the ground, Skullcrusher defending him and the chief taking out at least ten shades singlehandedly. They seemed terrified of him, if the way they ran meant anything. As Hiccup watched, his dad felled another one with his hammer, sending the shade to the ground and cracking his silver mask.

There was a yell from below, and then a louder one as collective voices shouted a spell together and concentrated their fire on one area in an attempt to bring it down. As the packed dirt wall collapsed, Hiccup dropped another stone among them, the vines from this one taking a few shades with it and crushing them between the

thick plants.

"I know you're here, Potter!" the demon screamed wildly, spells going in every direction as light shot into the sky from his wand, the dragons barely dodging his spellfire. "Come down here and face me like a man!"

Hiccup snorted. The demon wasn't even a man himself, so who was he to demand a thing like that of Hiccup? Besides, it was practically Viking rule number one: never give up your advantage.

However, the spellfire aimed at the sky was becoming increasingly thicker. Hiccup gestured for them to land, and used his last runestones to create geysers of fog, blanketing the area even more thickly to disguise the dragons.

They landed with soft thumps which would be barely audible to the ears of shades. Hiccup stayed on Toothless, and was assured that the others had done the same as Stormfly passed by slowly, walking silently with two forms on her back.

The silence was odd after the screams and light of battle. The moon had switched abruptly, everything quieting down as both sides prowled around, on the watch for the other. Hiccup froze as something long and thick swept by in the grass next to it.

He nearly fell off as Toothless lunged for it, snapping the thing's next in one bite. It was a huge snake, and judging by the scream that came from Hiccup's left, the demon knew it was dead. It must have been his pet or something.

"Don't eat it!" He hissed to Toothless before the dragon could take another bite. Toothless growled low in his throat, but left the corpse where it was in the grass.

A voice came, surprisingly clear through the fog. "Come out, Potter. You cannot win when you skulk in the shadows!"

\_Sure I can, \_Hiccup thought venomously. His confidence flagged somewhat as a wind stirred up. It was no natural occurrence - there was a tinge of magic on it, which raised the hairs on Hiccup's arms and dispersed his fog, sweeping it away so that the dragons would be without camuoflage.

Hiccup did the stupid thing and charged.

He leaped straight out of the remaining fog, screaming a battle cry. The others quickly followed suit, the ground now swarming with dragons and shades doing their best to take them down.

Hiccup wasn't stupid. There were protection runes engraved in every single saddle he'd ever made, and so his friends made no effort to dodge the spells which splashed harmlessly against invisible shields. Hookfang roared, shooting a jet of flame which scorched a circle around several of the shades.

Hiccup had landed right in front of the demon, who was shielding himself as Toothless let loose a barrage on him. The night fury was dodging around the man constantly, encouraged by Hiccup, who made passes at the demon with his own magic as soon as he got any

opening.

"Enough!" The demon screamed, letting loose with a blast that knocked Hiccup right off Toothless and blasting back anyone within ten feet. He stalked closer as Hiccup stood up, and they faced each other, circling as Toothless tried to get in between them and guard Hiccup. The remaining shades made a circle around them - or they tried, as that left them vulnerable to attack from behind and three more of them were quickly picked off.

"So," the demon snarled. "You think yourself better than me?"

Hiccup didn't answer, choosing to stay silent and instead unsheath his sword, the fiery blade carving a swath in the nighttime air. The demon nearly took a step back, then sneered at him.

"Muggle weapons will not save you," he said, and unleashed a torrent of spells at Hiccup.

Hiccup was able to dodge most of them, while the others hit the shield he'd built into his suit. What with all the danger he faced, he'd thought it a good idea to give himself as much protection as he could, which extended to his friends.

There was more yelling as the other Vikings descended on the demon in the center/ The dragons were keeping the shades distracted, and so the demon found himself dueling nine people at once, eight of whom were perfectly willing to take his head off.

"This is not what I expected when I signed up for this tournament!" Cedric yelled as he turned two tombstones into huge dogs, which raced around barking and attacking the demon as well. The demon blasted one of the dogs to pieces and screamed his fury as the spell gained him an axe in the back which he barely avoided. Hiccup sent Astrid's axe back towards her, the weapon sailing into her hands as she caught it easily.

"I will not be defeated by a group of savages!" the demon screamed, just as Toothless sent a blast of blue fire at him that forced him to the ground to avoid.

"This is what you have to understand," Hiccup said as the man slowly got back to his feet, face twisted in an ugly scowl. "We don't go down so easily."

All nine of them attacked at once, weapons blazing into the firelight and the demon had a horrified look on his face right before they all descended on him.

He vanished right from right underneath them, and stood somewhere off to the side. "I am Lord Voldemort!" He screamed, and Toothless sent a plasma blast from the back which sent him up in flames where he stood.

Hiccup and the other Vikings watched as the man became nothing but ash. Hiccup thought Cedric looked a little sick. "Well," he said, taking off his helmet. "That didn't take long."

He turned to Cedric. "Need a ride back?"



Cedric looked around them, the shade's bodies scattered over the graveyard and the live ones screaming as they were pursued by dragons, who seemed to regard it as a game. "Might as well," he said resignedly.

The dragons rose over the graveyard again. Cedric sat behind Hiccup this time, since Hiccup was the only one equipped with a passenger belt or a saddle with room for more than one person. They soared over Britain, and multiple times Cedric leaned over Toothless's side to look down at the ground below.

"This is amazing!" He shouted to Hiccup as they went, the wind nearly ripping the words out of his mouth. "You do this all the time?"

"Yep!" Hiccup yelled back, angling himself as Toothless tilted upwards, taking them right underneath the clouds.

The land fell away under them as they flew, and the stars were bright as miniature suns this high up, and away from light pollution. After some time flying, Hiccup saw them reflected in water underneath them, and realized that they were over the lake in front of Hogwarts. Sure enough, the ship he'd seen anchored there rushed past them as they made their way over it. The maze was spread out underneath them, and Hiccup saw the stands still full and swarming with people. Teachers - the same ones who had worn the red stars - were flying on broomsticks, sweeping over the maze. Hiccup went lower to fly on the same level as them, circling around over the small open area.

They obviously saw them coming - even with Toothless invisible against a night sky, a Monstrous Nightmare is not something you miss, especially on a black sky. People shouted and cleared away from the area around the entrance to the maze, and someone bewitched the stands so that they moved back, the people in them shouting as they were jostled.

Toothless landed carefully, and someone was running across the lawn heedless of the dragons who Cedric quickly got off to meet. Hiccup took the second belt back as it was shoved into his hands, and watched as the man running towards them met Cedric halfway and wrapped him in a hug.

Stoick landed next to him, and Cloudjumper sent murmurs through the crowd as Valka landed on his other side. Hiccup dismounted carefully, flipping his leg so the proper side was on the ground before he stood up.

The teachers were hurrying towards them, and slowed as they approached the dragons. Cedric was talking rapidly to the man who must have been his father, and Hiccup thought he saw the other two champions in the group coming towards them.

"What happened?" Dumbledore demanded as soon as he got close enough.

"Well-" Hiccup scratched his head, his helmet tucked under one arm. "That's a bit of a long story."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Sabotage in the Triwizard  
Tournament<strong>\_

\_\*\*Mad-Eye Moody replaced with Death Eater\*\*\_

\_On the day of the third task of the Triwizard Tournament, which was this year being held at Hogwarts, no one expected two of the champions to go missing! While both the French and Bulgarian champions were recovered from the maze after sending up signals for help, the two other champions - Cedric Diggory of Hogwarts and Harry Potter - vanished after, what is guessed, they both seized the Triwizard Cup at the same time.  
><em>

\_It was discovered, during subsequent and hurried examination of the maze, that someone had purposely rigged the competition, cursing Mr Krum [the Bulgarian champion] and forcing him to dispose of Ms. Delacour [the French champion] before removing himself from the competition. Confusion erupted when it was discovered that the saboteur was no other than the infamous ex-Auror Mad-Eye Moody, who was known for the number of Death Eaters he put in Azkaban. A later discovery was made when it turned out that the man who had been teaching at Hogwarts for the entire year was no more than a Polyjuiced substitute, who was revealed to be the presumed-dead Barty Crouch Junior when his dose wore off. Mr, Crouch Senior was unavailable for comment, or so we thought, before Aurors seeking answers discovered his dead body inside his London home.\_

\_The two missing champions returned on the backs of dragons, along with a number of other people [also riding dragons] who had accompanied Mr. Potter to Hogwarts when he arrived for the tournament. None were available for comment, and this reporter is still unaware of the true events which occurred that night. Headmaster Dumbledore has refused us entry into the school to interview either Mr. Potter or Mr. Diggory.\_

\_Pure conjecture is, of course, not to be trusted, but there are several rumors...\_

\_the rest of the article may be found on page 7\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Cedric Diggory declared Triwizard Champion<em>\*\*

\_In a private ceremony at Hogwarts today Cedric Diggory was declared the winner of the Triwizard Tournament, though apparently he reached the cup at the same time as Mr. Potter. Harry Potter was unavailable for comment, but we have been told by Headmaster Dumbledore that he willingly surrendered the prize to Mr. Diggory, apparently 'not wanting it or having to fight over it'. Mr. Diggory purportedly offered to split the thousand-Galleon prize, which was also refused.

><em>

\_Mr. Diggory plans to put the money aside for a good university, and has also supposedly donated some of it to a charity organization.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup swooped over the trees in the Forbidden Forest, eyes seeking out a single place.<p>

"There it is!" He shouted behind him as he spotted the circle. "You guys ready?" Affirmative shouts came up from behind him as Toothless circled around, the other six dragons following him in a downward spiral.

Toothless dove for the hole and Hiccup sputtered as they soared through darkness and came up through the water, bursting out in a shower of droplets. He quickly angled Toothless out of the way as Astrid came through behind him, Stormfly crying out as she soared upwards.

On-by-one they rocketed through, and as Valka came through last Hiccup saw the circle bend and twist itself out of existence. Glancing up from the water, he saw a huge spire of rock in the distance which fanned out at the bottom, the island it rested on sprawling over the sea which glittered under the sun.

Astrid was flying above him and sighed happily. "This is much better than that damp old castle," she said, reaching down to whack Hiccup on his helmet.

"It sure is." Hiccup looked at Berk in the distance and smiled.

"Welcome home!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>The End.<strong>

\*\*Read and review, and thank you to all the lovely people who read this story! I sincerely hope you enjoyed it.\*\*

End  
file.